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FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 14th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I FIND I was mistaken in relation to the opinion of Mr. Evarts, and that my remarks in my letter of the 2d inst. may seem harsh and unfair. My opinion of Mr. Evart's action was based upon a statement published in every paper in the city, together with a publication of the word "endorsed" on Mr. Rollin's resignation by the President.

It turned out, however, that the intelligence, and the intimate friends of the President were misled in the matter. If the friends of Mr. Johnson can be thus easily deceived, I am certainly excusable for not being more correct than they are. I do not often fall into mistakes of that character. Mr. Evarts, however, in his opinion has very adroitly left Mr. Johnson at liberty to act as he chooses in the matter. He insinuates the Tenure of Office Law is an infamous piece of legislation, of no Constitutional validity whatever. That much he intimates in his opinion, and that much he declared in his defence of the President on his trial in the impeachment, before his appointment to the office of Attorney-General, and for that opinion he was rewarded with his present official position.

It is a singular fact that the President did not ask for the opinion upon the construction of the Tenure of Office Law. It was called for by the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Evarts felt bound to trim between offending Congress and losing his position. He succeeded by giving an opinion to the effect, that under the provisions of the Tenure of Office Act, Mr. Rollins is still commissioner, but that the Tenure of Office Act is unconstitutional, and hence the President is at liberty to act as if it had never been passed. A more jesuitical opinion was never given by an American Attorney-General, and a more unsatisfactory and dangerous one could not have been formed.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

REMINISCENCES OF THADDEUS STEVENS.

[Correspondence of the New York Tribune].

ABOUT a fortnight before his severe illness—which compelled him to abandon, as one of the Managers of Impeachment, the prosecution of President Johnson—I spent an afternoon with Thaddeus Stevens. It was the day before the organization of the Court of Impeachment, and he was in unusual spirits at the prospect of the early success of a movement which he had inaugurated and pioneered. The prospect of success at that time was very flattering to the impeachers; it seemed that the trial, conviction, and removal of the President would prove a fitting climax to the career of his most earnest and bitter enemy; and during our conversation I ventured to suggest to him that he was almost ready to exclaim, with Simeon, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." He answered, without hesitation, that he had "no wish to go just yet."

"My friends tell me," he added, "that I am growing old and weak, and must look forward to an early end to my career, but," and he spoke in a matter-of-fact tone and manner, "I have no intention of dying just yet."

The spirit proved stronger than the flesh on that occasion, though his illness compelled him to relinquish an active part in a cause in which he was undoubtedly enlisted heart and soul; but he gradually sunk from that time forward until his death on August 11th. But though the flesh grew weak, even unto death, the spirit does not appear to have faded in the least. If it were possible for him to describe his own death-bed he would doubtless say that "he died hurrahing."

"I am going to die like Nicanor," he said to me on the occasion I have alluded to, "in harness. I mean to die hurrahing."

He attached a peculiar meaning to this last phrase, which was a favorite one with him, and I have heard of his using it on two or three occasions. One of these is noteworthy. A citizen of Knoxville, Tenn., had visited him, and had conveyed to him a message of respect and good wishes from Gov. Brownlow, who, by the way, is an admirable prototype of Mr. Stevens, possessing the same earnest, bitter, and indomitable spirit, alike in hate and in generosity, and not unlike in (ugliness of) person. When his visitor was about taking his leave, Mr. Stevens said to him:

"Give Gov. Brownlow my respects; tell him I hope he will be restored to health, and live a long time, and that I say when he dies to die hurrahing."

It is very probable that the Governor will take the advice, and die with a parting imprecation on the heads of the late rebels. Mr. Stevens followed his own advice and carried out his own determination, by devoting his last breath to advising Mr. Johnson to do nothing more to exasperate the country against him. That was doubtless what Mr. Stevens meant when he advised another "to die hurrahing." * * * *

I found the Pennsylvania statesman—it is hardly proper to speak of him as a local character, for, be it of good or evil report, Mr. Stevens certainly has a National reputation as a lawyer and legislator, and in time we shall all come to recognize the wisdom of his views though we may not all be able to forget the bitterness of his partisan expressions—I found Mr. Stevens in a small, shabby, low-roofed apartment of a small, dilapidated brick house in a not very pleasant-looking and certainly an unfrequented street. He had evidently chosen it for convenience rather than comfort or style. A very plain, low-posted bedstead, a small wardrobe and bureau, a desk and an easy chair, formed the furniture of the room. The decorations consisted only of photographs of Mr. Lincoln and himself, and one of Miss Vinnie Ream's busts, but whether of Mr. Lincoln or himself I cannot now remember. Mr. Stevens was lying on the bed, his head tied up in a red handkerchief, and his feet in a pair of plain slippers; he was minus coat and vest. So nearly complete was his *dishabille* that he allnded to it on my entry, and said he was compelled to rest all he could, and that when not at the Capitol he was seeking renewed strength in repose. It was not sleep he wanted, only rest for his bones in a reclining attitude, and he was ready and able to talk as long as he had interested hearers. Then ensued a conversation—conducted principally by him—which proved so interesting that I immediately made full notes of it, and have here written them out, not perhaps in the order in which the remarks were made, but with accuracy as regards his expressions.

During the first part of the interview something was said by me relative to Mr. Stevens's famous speech comparing Mr. Johnson to Charles I., and declaring the former's usurpations greater than those of the English King, and in any other country would have cost a king his head. He said that the cases were parallel in a great many particulars—in the contending parties, the personal actors, and the principles involved. Something of the same idea had occurred to my mind a day or two previous, while reading Goldwin Smith's "Three English Statesmen," then just published in this country, and which I had read in the cars *en route* to Washington. I interrupted him by remarking that I had come to look upon him as the John Pym of this Impeachment, and read to him from a note-book a passage from Smith's volume which seemed to me to apply as well to him as to Pym: "He had stood," says Goldwin Smith, speaking of Pym, "among the foremost of those 'evil-tempered spirits' who protested that the liberties of Parliament were not the favors of the crown but the birthright of Englishmen, and who, for so doing, were imprisoned without law. He had resolved, as he said, that he would rather suffer for speaking the truth than the truth should suffer for want of his speaking." I would have gone on with further quotations, but Mr. Stevens interrupted me—

"That is unimportant: the parallel is not strong—not so strong as I would like to think it, for I greatly admire curt and crusty old John Pym; it is not as strong a parallel as Macaulay unconciously drew twenty years ago. His arraignment of Charles I., in the first volume of his history, applies with hardly a change of word, except names, to Andrew Johnson. It is really a remarkable document. Give me that volume of Macaulay and I will show you the passages." I handed him a volume of Macaulay, and turning to some marked passages he read rapidly, interpolating his explanations:

"'The day on which the Houses met again' (he is speaking, you know, of the Long Parliament—this is our Long Congress; your paper at New York, *The World*, calls us the *Rump*, just as the Royalists denominated the Long Parliament)—'The day on which the Houses met again,' he repeated, 'is one of the most remarkable epochs in our history. From that day dates the corporate existence of the two great bodies which have ever since alternately governed the country.' (That is prophecy with us, and true prophecy, too; you'll see). 'His first measures promised well' (so did Johnson's). 'He declared his determination to govern in harmony with the Commons' (that is Congress), 'and, for that end, to call to his counsels men in whose talents and character the Commons might place confidence. Had he kept his promise it cannot be doubted that the reaction which was already in progress' (and Reconstruction was making most favorable progress under poor Lincoln) 'would soon have become quite as strong as the most respectable Royalist' (say loyalist) 'would have desired. That the fair prospects which had begun to open before the King' (that is King Andy) 'were suddenly overcast, that his life was darkened by adversity and at length shortened by violence is to be attributed to his own faithlessness and contempt of law. The truth seems to be' (he read very slowly and emphatically) 'that he detested both parties into which the House of Commons was divided. Nor is this strange; for in both those parties the love of liberty and the love of order were mingled, though in different proportions. The advisers' (Stanton for instance) 'whom necessity had compelled Charles to call around him were by no means men after his own heart. They had joined in condemning his tyranny, in abridging his power, and in punishing his instruments. Accusations and recriminations passed backward and forward between the contending parties. All accommodation had become impossible. The sure punishment which waits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the king. The distrust with which his adversaries regarded him was not to be removed by oaths or treaties. They were convinced that they could be safe only when he was utterly helpless. Their demand therefore was that he should surrender, not only those prerogatives which he had usurped in violation of ancient laws and his own recent promises, but also other prerogatives which the English kings had possessed from time immemorial, and continue to possess at the present day. No minister must be appointed, no peer created without the consent of the Houses' (very slowly and emphatically). 'Above all, the sovereign must resign that supreme military authority which from time beyond memory had appertained to the regal office.'"

Much more of this Mr. Stevens quoted, for which I have no room—the curious reader will readily find the passage in the first chapter of Macaulay's history; at length he finished with this passage, not read, but quoted from memory, with the book closed, and pronounced in a very impressive manner:

"'When a country is in the situation that England then was, when the kingly office is regarded with love and veneration, but the person who fills that office is hated and distrusted, it should seem that the course to be taken is obvious. The dignity of the office should be preserved: the person should be discarded.'"

Naturally enough all this led to my asking him the chances for the success of Impeachment. He answered very promptly:

"Good, I think, *now*. We managed to get Butler's additional articles adopted to-day; and I think Mr. Johnson will be convicted on them. Before the adoption of those articles we hadn't a case at all—none at all, and an acquittal would surely follow if we prosecuted on the original articles only. Besides, there are some disagreements among the Managers. Bingham refused at first to serve with Butler, because of his language about Mrs. Surratt's execution and the hanging of an innocent woman. Then Boutwell was elected chief Manager, and Bingham objected, claiming that he was entitled to the first place in the Committee because he had received the highest number of votes in the House, although Colfax had distinctly stated that the vote would not decide the question of priority in the Committee. Then Boutwell resigned to keep peace in the Committee, and that disgusted me. But I hope we shall convict—I hope so."

Dropping politics and the Impeachment question (not as abruptly as I do here, however), we came to speak of the course of the newspapers toward him, and the vast amount of vituperation which had been poured on his head. He remarked that he did not fret at that, it was all he could expect, "for you know," he added, "that I have always been a plain speaker myself." This led to my asking something in regard to his early life and his history. As I used the word "history" he glanced at me quickly, and I thought rather suspiciously, and directly said, "You newspaper men are always wanting to get at a man's history. As I said to a young girl who came to see me some time ago to collect materials for a biography of me, I have no history. My life-long regret is that I have lived so long and so uselessly."

I ventured to suggest that his friends were not disposed to agree with him in the use of the word "uselessly" as applied to his Congressional achievements.

"I have achieved nothing in Congress. Until the war began I was a plodder without influence, and since it began I have been so radical that I had no control over anybody. Some of the papers call me the 'Leader of the House.' I only laugh at them. I lead them, yes; but they never follow me or do as I want them until public opinion has sided with me."

"No," he added after a pause of a moment or two, "I'm not over-proud of my Congressional career. I like my State service better. I think and feel, I hope without vanity, that the crowning utility of my life was the adoption of the Common School System of Pennsylvania."

He explained that in 1835 an attempt was made by the Democracy for political purposes to repeal the School law passed during the previous session of the Legislature, and they did succeed in repealing it in the Senate. They would have succeeded in the House but for a strong speech and "a good deal of filibustering," as Mr. Stevens remarked, on the part of himself and friends in the House, and Gov. Ritner in the Executive mansion.

"That is the work," he said, resuming after his explanation, "that I take most pleasure in recalling, except one perhaps. I really think the greatest gratification of my life resulted from my ability to give my mother a farm of 250 acres, and a dairy of fourteen cows, and an occasional bright gold piece, which she loved to deposit in the contribution box of the Baptist Church which she attended. This always gave her great pleasure, and me much satisfaction. My mother," he suddenly added, "was a very extraordinary woman, and I have met very few women like her. My father"—he hesitated a moment, and several times commenced the sentence before pursuing it further; it was evident he was trying to make a confession he did not like. At length the innate love of the truth and plain speaking got the better of him, and he continued:

"My father, you see," he said, "was not a well-to-do-man, and the support and education of the family depended on my mother. She worked night and day to educate me. I was feeble and lame in my youth, and as I couldn't work on the farm she concluded to give me an education. I tried to repay her afterward, but the debt of a child to his mother, you know, is one of the debts we can never pay. Poor woman! the very thing I did to gratify her most hastened her death. She was very proud of her dairy and fond of her cows, and one night going out to look after them, she fell and injured herself so that she died soon after."

I had heard the fact mentioned that Mr. Stevens had on one occasion given $100,000 to the poor of Lancaster County, and I asked him about the truth of it.

"Oh! it was not true," he said. "I have never been able to do any such thing. I have been a *failure* in everything. I have failed financially three times. The first was through going bail and security, and it broke up a very fine practice I had in Adams County. The second was through the carelessness of a partner in some iron mills. Notes were presented to me for payment which I had never executed or known of. I went to my partner and asked how it was. He explained that he had been losing money for some time, but as he had induced me to embark in the enterprise he had not the courage to tell me of the losses, and had signed the firm name to notes without consulting me. 'Well,' I said, 'what's to be done?' He began to make a piteous mouth, but I cut him short. 'I don't come to upbraid you,' I said, 'I come to get at the facts.' I looked over the books and found we were deeply involved. Then I said to him, 'You take the works and pay all claims, releasing me entirely.' He declined and I at once said, 'Then I will;' and it was thus the iron-works near Chambersburg came into my possession. The third time I failed was when the rebels burned these works. My friends in Lancaster and elsewhere raised about $100,000, which they tendered to me, but I declined it, and it went to the Poor Fund, but I did not give it. I managed to get through my trouble, and have never taken advantage of a Bankrupt law yet."

He evidently had some feeling on this subject, and I asked him his views on the Bankrupt law.

"Well," he said, "personally I feel that my creditors are entitled, among my other worldly goods, to my labor until I am dead. If my debts are not paid, then the Bankrupt law of another world will cancel them."

There was much more said of a nature not calculated to be of interest to the general public, and which it is not necessary to give here. All that he did and said confirmed me in the opinion I had long held of his positiveness and doggedness; and I came away not only impressed with the power of the man, but fully satisfied, as I had been before, of the sincerity of his convictions, and that idea was enough to make me admire and respect even if I did not fully agree with him.

HATRED OF COLORED MEN.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune].

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: The following is extracted from *The New York Daily News* of Saturday last:

"FORCING A SALE—CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.—Marcus Z. Tourtellotte of Springfield, Mass., in order to compel the colored Methodist Church in Loring street, to sell its premises, has built a fence around the church as high as the eaves, only eighteen inches distant on one side and about a yard on the other. To render it still more offensive, the fence is painted black on the side next the church. The church is, of course, rendered dark in the midst of day, and the heat on hot Sabbaths is absolutely stifling. The reason assigned for this persecution is that the people are noisy."

The flippant heading of so atrocious a paragraph is enough to make one's blood boil. And does this despicable act find aiders and abettors in enlightened New England? By common law and equity Tourtellotte ought to be punished for his vindictiveness. No man can use his property wantonly or with *malice prepense* to the annoyance of his neighbors. Possibly Marcus wants to get the place cheaply and occupy it himself. He must have strange ideas of the rights and duties of property.

Last week at Northport Camp Meeting, L. I., one negro was stabbed so that his bowels protruded, another received 100 lashes, and yet another was maltreated within an inch of his life. The reason assigned for this furious onslaught was that they were noisy and making a disturbance. Surely, if even so, the punishment was greater than the offense. How long, O Lord! in these free United States are these cruelties to continue? Why is not justice done? and why is human life and suffering so lightly valued?

In hopes that greater public attention may be drawn to these and like abuses, I have ventured to bring them thus to your notice. Remaining sincerely, yours, B. W.

DEER PARK, L. I., Aug. 4th, 1868.

THE SOUTH.

OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE MILLICAN RIOT.

OFFICE SUB. ASS'T. COM'R. TWENTIETH SUB. DIST., MILLICAN, Texas, July 23, 1868.

Charles A. Vernon, Lieut. Fourth Cav., A. A. A. C. Austin:

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following special report of a riot which occurred at Millican, Brazos County, Texas:

On the 15th inst. I was informed, while in my office at Bryan, that a serious riot was in progress at Millican, also, that a Sheriff's posse was being summoned, and preparing to leave Bryan on the arrival of the passenger train at 9 p. m. I immediately, on arrival of said train, proceeded to the depot, and found assembled about 200 citizens, fully armed, and considerably excited with reports from Millican. This, with the influence of bad whiskey, caused me to fear the result. The train returned to Millican with the Sheriff's posse, about 150 men, arriving about 11 p. m., where I found the excitement had abated, by an agreement made with the freedmen and the Mayor of the town and some of the leading citizens, that all parties should lay down their arms and submit the trouble to the proper authorities in the morning. Before the agreement was effected, the whites had placed armed guards around the town, and upon the attempt of two freedmen to enter the town, they were fired upon and one killed. This occurred about dark. Nothing further occurred during the remainder of the night. About 6 p. m., on the 16th, several freedmen came to me and asked protection. I informed them that I had no troops, but if they saw fit to remain with me I would do all in my power to keep them from harm. At 8 o'clock a. m. I met the Mayor, Mr. G. A. Wheat, and the Sheriff of the county, Mr. J. Neil, who stated that the leader of the freedmen, Geo. E. Brooks (colored), had agreed to meet them and settle the trouble that had arisen between the whites and blacks. I went with them to the place of meeting. Brooks not making his appearance, Sheriff Neil and myself proceeded through the town (Freedman's) where we found everything quiet. Brooks and nearly all of the freedmen had evidently left their homes, as we were unable to find them. During our absence from Millican the most exciting rumors were afloat, to the effect that hundreds of blacks had congregated in the vicinity of the town with the intention of attacking and burning it. Feeling satisfied that this was not the case, I returned and was met by a deputation of citizens, who asked to have the mail train return to Bryan for additional assistance. This I opposed, and demanded that the train proceed to Navasota, the nearest telegraph station, and forward a telegram to Brenham for troops. This was done. I then requested the Sheriff to let matters remain just as they were, and not let his men leave the town, and that when the troops arrived I could arrange the trouble without further assistance from his men, in whom I had no confidence, believing that he could not restrain them were they to meet any freedmen in the vicinity. This was agreed to and everything remained quiet until about 11 o'clock, when a report came that nearly 1,000 men were armed near the Brazos River, with hostile intentions. I was again requested to authorize the return of the freight train to Bryan for 200 men. Upon my making objections to this, I found that I should be overruled, and I thought it best to acquiesce, and directed the Sheriff to send for as many men as he thought necessary, but to accept no man that he could not control. He seized the train and sent for fifty men. This train returned at 2 p. m., bringing men highly excited by extravagant rumors, etc. After this I was soon satisfied that I could have no further influence, as parties were preparing to scour the immediate vicinity for arms and freedmen. Luckily, no freedman was found with arms, and less damage was done than I had anticipated. Lieut. Green, with a detachment of twenty men, arrived at 8 p. m., and directed the Sheriff to have his men return, which he acquiesced in, and immediately all excitement was allayed, and confidence once more restored. Millican was itself again.

On the following day it was reported that Brooks had 100 men about three miles from town, in a ravine, and that he was fortified. Sheriff Neil and myself at once went to the spot, and found this as untrue as the rumors of the previous day. But I learned from a freedman that Brooks had been hiding there all the day before, and that he wished to see me, and get protection. I instructed the freedman to find Brooks, and inform him that I would send him to a place of safety, and that it was dangerous for him to remain where he was, and that if he was guilty of any crime, he should be protected while having his trial, and for him to appoint any place where I could see him alone or with troops, as he wished. Not hearing from either Brooks or the freedman, I supposed that Brooks could not be found, or that he was afraid to venture into town. On the following day (the 18th) I learned from a freedman that Brooks had been hung, which was subsequently found true, his body having been found on the 25th by a freedman while hunting stock. His body was decomposed to such an extent as to render identification impossible except by articles of clothing, pencil, knife, and the loss of a portion of his fourth finger on the right hand.

On the 18th I directed the Deputy Sheriff to summon a sufficient posse and go over the ground which had been hunted by the party on Thursday, and make search for any freedmen that had been killed or wounded. He reports but two cases wounded. Not having been present when the difficulty took place, I am unable to report the causes from personal observation, but I am of the opinion that this trouble took place from the following facts:

Some time in June last about fifteen men dressed and known as Ku-Klux, attempted to frighten the freedmen by marching through their village. The freedmen rallied and fired into the K. K.'s, who quickly dispersed, leaving their arms, clothing, etc. This excited the freedmen, and fearing that the whites would revenge themselves, they (the freedmen) armed and commenced drilling, and forming a military organization, which excited the fears of the whites, who requested me to stop the carrying of arms by the freedmen. I informed them that as soon as they (the whites) would put a stop to the incursions of the K. K.'s, I would prevent the freedmen from drilling, etc. This was agreed to, and I issued an order "that no armed band, organization, or secret society not authorized by law" would be permitted. This quieted whites and blacks, and nothing occurred until the unfortunate occurrence of the 15th, which, from the best information I can glean, is as follows:

A freedman, named Miles Brown, was *supposed* to have been hung. Brooks directed Harry Thomas to raise sufficient men to hunt his body. Harry collected about thirty men and marched them through town in military order. This was sufficient to cause uneasiness among the whites. Harry proceeded to the Brazos River bottom, and was joined by about twenty more men in going to the place where it was supposed they could find the freedman. On the way they met one Andrew Halliday, who had some words with a freedman, Robert. (It was rumored, and was supposed by the freedmen, that Halliday had murdered the freedman Miles). Halliday sent information to the town that the party of freedmen had surrounded his house and were threatening to hang him, whereupon about thirty whites armed themselves and went to Halliday's assistance. The Deputy Sheriff fearing trouble, summoned more men, followed and overtaking the whites, took charge, etc. As the whites made a turn in the road, they found themselves face to face with the blacks, and while the Mayor and the Deputy Sheriff were talking to the freedmen, some one fired a musket; the whites say that the first fire was from the freedmen, but I believe that Halliday gave the first fire. This is the evidence of a freedman who was wounded, but has not been substantiated by further testimony. At this a general fire commenced from the whites, the blacks dispersing and running in every direction. The parties then returned to town, and I am informed by the Mayor that he and others repaired to the freedmen's village and had an interview with Brooks, who claimed that his men had been killed, and he would not agree to any terms of peace. This caused intense excitement in town, and was the foundation of hundreds of foolish rumors about the organization of the blacks, as above mentioned. There has been for some time past a great antipathy against this freedman, Brooks, by the white population, and accusations of a grave character have been made against him. This I believe is mere prejudice, and cannot be sustained by facts. The number killed and wounded is as follows: Harry Thomas, c. m., the leader of the freedmen; Moses Hardy, c. m.; King Holiday, c. m., wounded on the 17th; Dan Zepher, c. m., killed on Thursday, the 16th, G. E. Brooks, c. m., preacher, supposed to have been killed on the 18th. Wounded—Mac Moore, c. m., shot through right shoulder, slight wound, and Robert ——, c. m., wounded and missing. Making in all, five killed and one wounded, and one wounded and missing. I am of opinion that there was no just cause for the above-mentioned riot; that it was founded and based upon the excitability of the people, and aggravated by foolish rumors afloat in the vicinity and in the press of the country. The deliberate murder of the preacher, Brooks, was of a most outrageous character. Not enough evidence has been found to convict any parties. One freedman says that he saw Brooks in the hands of certain men. If his statement can be corroborated I will forward their affidavits. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. H. RANDLETT,
Sub. Ass't. Com'r. B. R. F. & A. L.

LOUISIANA.

THE FACTS AND FIGURES—CONFIRMATION OF GOV. WARMOTH'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

Gov. WARMOTH'S allegation of 150 murders and outrages having been perpetrated in the county parishes of Louisiana during the last six weeks, are amply proved by the testimony of letters and petitions received at his office, the substance of which we publish. Union men say that unless some steps are taken for their protection, it will be impossible for them to remain in the country. George W. Hudspeth of Opelousas, in a letter of July 21st, 1868, speaks of the murdering of two freedmen and a child, and the wounding of two freedmen on the night of July 7th. Emerson Bentley says, writing from the same place on July 31st, that for several nights armed men concealed themselves around his house. A petition of citizens of North Louisiana sets forth that at least fifty murders, perpetrated for the most part with a view of driving loyal men from that section of the country, have been committed in the Parish of Franklin. Secret societies, with the same object, are being organized. In Claiborne a prisoner was rescued from the hands of the Sheriff by armed men, who threatened his life if he refused to deliver the man to them.

In Terrebonne several murders, accompanied by features of peculiar atrocity, have been allowed to go without any efforts being made for the discovery of the perpetrators. In Bellevue the son of L. W. Baker was violently assaulted in the presence of the Sheriff, who made no attempt to protect him. The bodies of murdered negroes have of late been discovered frequently in this parish. In Madison Parish the murders and outrages have become so common that the late inhabitants have left their homes and crops, preferring their abandonment to the loss of their lives. A colored man was shot in Avoyelles, Marksville, on the 15th of July, by Emile Frank. The magistrate only heard the testimony of one white witness, and discharged the accused. In Terrbonne Parish a man named Benoit was killed on June 28th. Ben Wilbur and a colored woman were shot in cold blood about the same date. In the bayou a colored man was found drowned, with a heavy iron bar tied to his body. Tracy, a colored man, while in custody of the police, was murdered. Mr. W. S. Mudgett of Shreveport says that Union men must leave that place unless protection is afforded them by the militia or police. Gen. Hood corroborates this; also saying that armed men patrol the streets, vowing vengeance against Radicals. The house of Spencer Stewart, St. Landry, was entered on the night of 7th of July, by fifteen men, who, after murdering his wife, mortally wounding his step-daughter, and wounding himself, rode off. Daniel Willis, freedman, was taken out of his bed on the same night, and scourged with a cow-hide. Eugene Cæsar and brother were served with notices on the same night, telling them to quit the place in twenty days. These were signed "K. K." Nathan Green, Henry Corwin, Moses Huffmann, and Marceda Huffman, were murdered on 21st March, on Holloway Prairie. Blas P. Despalier killed a negro about the same time. In St. Tammany, Eldridge Turner, an old negro, was murdered on 22d June, by Charles Brady. Gen. Alcibiade Blanc of Opelousas is reported to have urged publicly the killing of carpet-baggers in every parish by the white men. The Sheriff of Avoyelles speaks of bodies of armed men patrolling the parish by night and day. A petition of the citizens corroborates Lane, and sets forth that this takes place in order to produce a collision between the races. Robert T. Vaughan of Homer alleges that his father was poisoned by his political enemies (Democratic). In Madison Parish, the colored freedmen go in terror of their lives. Every negro who shall vote for Grant is threatened with death. In Morehouse, a negro called Sinclair was murdered in March; and at Blenville, Honnens, the registrar of voters, was shot in his house by a band of unknown men. Senator Lynch writes of a reign of terror in existence in the hill-country of Carroll and Morehouse. Three murders have occurred lately there. Laborers for the Vicksburg and Shreveport Railroad cannot be hired on account of fear of outrages committed by the K. K. K.'s. It is said that in Blenville Parish one negro has been murdered every day since the election in April. In Ouachita a party of twenty or thirty persons, with blackened faces, killed three colored persons, and threatened to murder a white (Northern) woman. Ex-Justices of the Peace and Constables were recognized among the murderers. H. Train, Judge of the Third Judicial Court, refuses to return to Franklin, fearing the threatening attitude of the population, which is mostly Democratic.

THE RIOTOUS NEGROES.

RICHMOND has been visited with another attempt on the part of the degraded African to trample the proud Caucasian in the dust. While Gen. Ould was speaking at a recent Democratic meeting—and we presume the subject of the gallant soldier's discourse was Andersonville—he was interrupted by a panic. According to the Democratic accounts, the negroes made the attack and created all the confusion. But somehow nobody was shot but a negro, who, we are assured, "was not mortally wounded;" and two or three white men were arrested. The peculiarity of these "negro insurrections" is that the whites who are attacked never incur any harm, while the negroes who make the attacks are either killed or wounded.

N. Y. Tribune.

SOUTHERN OPINION.

The Mobile Daily Register is instructing its Rebel patrons how to carry Alabama for Seymour and Blair. Here is its lesson of the 31st ult:

HOW TO CARRY ALABAMA.

"Men in all situations of difficulty are ingenious in their resources, and must seize upon every weapon of offense and defense within their reach. It is lawful to fight the devil with fire. Our enemies have put the sword of suffrage in the hands of the colored men for our subjugation to scalawag will. He who hesitates to turn the edge of that sword against the tyrants who placed it there, does not feel in his soul the rankling poison of oppression. His skin is thinner than his heart is hot and hissing under wrong. The colored men are ripe for joining their white fellow-citizens of the South to execute vengeance upon the villains who have used and abused them for their own vile purposes. By a persevering and judicious application of effort, fifty thousand colored men may be enrolled in Democratic clubs in three months, and join the white people of the South in banishing from their places of ill-gotten power and from the soil they have polluted, the thieves and incendiaries who have come here to steal office and make discord between the white and colored people. Let us to the work, and let us crown the glory of the triumph by the measure of poetic justice which will be consummated when the colored people become the instruments to spew out and "send flying" the hypocrites and adventurers who have come down from Maine, and Massachusetts, and Ohio, and Kansas, with carpet-bags on their backs, to be our Governors, Senators, and Congressmen. It will be Actæon torn to pieces by his own hounds. As to the manner of doing this great work, we have some practical lessons from our friends in Mississippi. They have done it, and they tell us how to it. Here are some hints from one who has tried it. Read, and put the plan in practice without delay:

'A WORD TO THE DEMOCRACY OF ALABAMA.

"'A thorough and efficient organization will secure you a glorious victory in November. You can easily carry a majority of negro votes for Seymour and Blair. You must organize a central club at every county site—clubs in every civil district. Let it be composed of whites and blacks; if you have but one Democratic negro in the district or beat, enroll him as a member. Meet regularly and frequently, and each member of the club endeavor to bring out one or more colored Radicals to hear your discussions. By this means you will encourage a spirit of independence among them; they will become enrolled, and when they see and understand the iniquities of the Radicals they will condemn them from their honest hearts. This will bring out a spirit of persecution on the part of the Leaguers, which will drive them into your ranks. Procure immediately Seymour and Blair badges, and present them to your colored members.

"'It is easy to make them understand that the reason they have not received higher wages and made more money is owing to the exorbitant tax that the planter has had to pay. It is easy to prove to them that their interest is thoroughly identified with the man who owns the land and mules—the proposition that labor and capital must work together is simple and easily impressed upon them.

"'Impress upon them that Northern immigration brings with it Yankee improvements; machinery that one man can take and do the work of ten men. This leaves nine idle; that it makes lands worth $50 per acre that can now be bought for five; that we require their labor because we are used to it; and if they force Radical rule upon us the Yankee will overrun the country, and their occupation will be gone, and lands will be so high that they cannot purchase homes for themselves or families.

"'Your Club organizations are necessary to protect the person and property of your colored friends from the prosecutions of the league. *You must protect them with your lives; you owe it to your manhood.* You want money! Money you must raise the first thing; money to pay for printing; to put Democratic colored speakers in the field; whenever you find one that can speak, take him from his crop, pay his expenses, support his family, and put him out to canvassing; nor stand on the order of his work. Correspond with the Mississipians and get them to send you help.

"'When your crops are laid by give a barbecue in every neighborhood.

"'*Denounce the Loyal League* upon every occasion; organize a Ku-Klux-Klan whenever they organize a league; meet friendship and peace as Christians should; meet midnight leaguers and enemies as *manhood dares.*'"

The Mobile Register exhorts its disciples to deal with the White Republicans after this fashion:

"If one assails your honor, slanders your character, or steals your money, self-respect prompts you to cut his acquaintance. But here are men who are openly robbing you of your civil rights, stealing your offices, living on means plundered from your substance, insulting you with their loathsome presence, and making slaves of you; and yet, gentlemen give them their hands, take social glasses with them, and hobnob on the street with them. We denounce this *facile* complacency as a crime to the outraged majesty of this people, as a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of the Commonwealth. They are dogs, and should be treated as dogs—dogs only tolerated now because the power of the sword is in the hands of our enemies in Congress, *but will not be tolerated one hour after the people recover the liberty to do justice upon their oppressors.* It is the duty of every Southern man to cut these vermin. Excommunicate them; spew them out as outcasts and social pariahs, with whom it is disgraceful to hold social intercourse."

The Charleston Mercury gives public notice that the Seymourites of that State will neither obey the laws nor recognize the debts of her present Government. Says this admirer of Frank Blair:

"We can scarcely believe that any man will be so foolhardy as to loan his money to a Government which has been set up by the bayonet; and may not last over three months; and which those who established it have declared to be *unconstitutional.* Fraud is worth very little in Governments, without the bayonet. Notoriously, by the law of all civilized nations, it vitiates all contracts; and a greater fraud than the carpet-bag Government, now affecting legitimacy in Columbia, never raised its brazen front for the persecution of any people. That it will try to make the most of its short-lived power, and will swindle and rob, by any means felonious ingenuity can suggest, is in the natural order of things. When dominating in the negro convention in this city, it had Gen. Canby, with despotic power, backed by the Army of the United States, to support its exactions. But Gen. Canby goes to Washington. Military power no longer prevails in South Carolina. It has forced into assumed supremacy the negro race on the one side, over the white race on the other; and has left them to settle which race shall rule South Carolina. Of course, from the very nature of things, the white race will not be held responsible for the actings and doings of the negroes. They will redeem no debts they may incur; they will pay no taxes they may lay; they will recognize the validity of no laws they may pass. They intend to rule themselves, and not to be ruled by negroes; and any man who shall aid the efforts of the negroes to rule them, by loaning their money under fraudulent use of the name of South Carolina, is much more likely to be treated by them as an enemy than be recognized as a lawful creditor. Let every one, therefore, who is disposed to loan his money to the carpet-baggers and negroes distinctly understand that the people of South Carolina will pay not one farthing of the debt. We have no objection whatever to their being swindled by Gen. Scott's Government, but they will not swindle the State."

The Huntsville Democrat (Alabama) closes a long appeal to its fellow rebels not to associate

with or speak to a White Republican "in 'Ercles' vein," as follows:

"Neither our foes, nor we, are playing pantomime. We are enacting solemn, enduring history pregnant with weal or woe to ourselves, our families, our country, and our race. Shall we—can we, in justice to ourselves, our families, our race—live on terms of social intimacy with the white renegades, who are working out our ruin? Can we tip the sly wink, utter the jovial jest, touch the social glass, break bread with them, give them the right hand of fellowship—while they, outstretching one hand in token of peace and friendship, are ready, with the other, to give us the deadly thrust of Joab? Can we laugh and joke with those who are principals, or accessories, in any degree, in the crimes of undermining our social fabric; destroying our personal liberties; subverting our government; ruining our fortunes; desolating our land; reveling in the exercise of our dearest birthrights, of which they have robbed us; and threatening our women with polution, and all of us with indiscriminate massacre?

"No! we cannot consistently with a high sense of duty, and a right appreciation of our responsibilities. Let us, then, put all such enemies of the human race in social Coventry; hold no social communion with them; give them unmistakeable evidence, by ominous silence, chilling indifference—if need be indignant scorn, dignified reserve and contempt—that we have no disposition to be on terms of social familiarity with them. Society often has the power of remedying or removing public evils, when an armed police or constabulary would prove ineffectual. Public opinion is more potent than public law, and social ostracism 'more terrible than an army with banners.'"

The Louisville Journal, since it has an undisguised rebel for its editor, is peculiarly savage on "carpet-baggers"—that is, on Northern men who have migrated to the South without becoming rebels. He justifies the chivalry in refusing all civilities to "carpet-baggers"—saying:

"There is not a reputable Radical editor in the North who would not, if he were placed in the condition of the Southern people, act, think, and speak just as they do.

"Reconstruction is founded upon the interference theory of government, and supported by the rankest exotics that were ever hatched by the intermeddling spirit of society and government; and the social exclusion to which the carpet-bagger finds himself subject is not only natural and right, but it is inevitable. He is generally a low fellow from the slums of the North, who goes South expecting his 'loyalty' to put him into the way of high life; and, failing to be 'received,' he at once charges all who are not vagabonds with being rebels. Never having had any respectability at home, he is particularly exacting and indecent; and thus he has not only his political offenses to answer for, and they are generally sufficient, but a thousand-and-one social and personal disreputabilities which disgust every one of sense or breeding. It is not that he was or is a Union man. It is that he was, is, and will always be, an intrinsically worthless, disagreeable, and unmannerly fellow."

SPEECH OF ROBERT TOOMBS.

[From the Boston Transcript].

WE give below a speech recently delivered by Robert Toombs at the meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, to ratify the nominations of Seymour and Blair. It is in his old defiant, insolent, brassy tone, and seems accordingly to have given great satisfaction to the Southern Democrats who were present. When we reflect that Toombs is, in the most intense sense of the word, "an unrepentant rebel," that he glories in all he has done, both at home and abroad, to overturn the government of the United States, and that he is a malignant enemy of everything in our institutions which make them respectable in the eyes of the civilized world, it is difficult to read his impudent speech without a movement of indignation. Whatever may be said of the great majority of the ex-rebels, there can be no doubt that Toombs is a blood-thirsty villain. He, and those who applauded him, are bent, not on reunion, but on revenge.' Nothing would delight him more than to see Massachusetts and the whole North ravaged by fire and sword, and he is a supporter of Seymour and Blair only because he hopes that by their election the civil war will be reopened. The army of Sherman he calls "ten thousand devils." The Congress and the party by which the Union was saved, he calls "the greatest criminals the world ever saw." Yet he is warm and earnest in his support of the Democratic nominations!

But no comments on the speech can do justice either to its word or spirit. Here is the speech itself:

"Thanks, fellow-citizens, for these noble cheers. They show to the world that a despotism of a thousand days—if not a thousand years—and the loosing upon us, not one, but ten thousand devils—have been unable to influence the great heart of the people of Atlanta. I would not have it otherwise from you, for, in the darkest days of the recent past, the first voice of defiance to tyranny came out of the ashes of Atlanta. To-night we may rejoice and be exceeding glad for the electric flash—the great instrument of modern science—which has been made to obey the will and minister to the wants of man, sends throughout this broad land, from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf, such news as will gladden the heart of every honest man in the universe. We find, placed before the grand inquest of the Democratic party of the United States, the greatest criminals the world ever saw. The brave, wise, earnest and honest men of the country have been counselling together, without haste and without passion, and have laid down the principles upon which they have determined to grapple with the enemy. They stood to-day upon the old landmarks which safely carried our British ancestors through six hundred years of toil, and trouble, and bloodshed, landing them finally on the rock of liberty and of hope. They have adopted the great fundamental principles of human liberty as developed in Magna Charta; they have adopted principles having for their objects the security of the citizen and the safety of the laws.

"Having proclaimed these principles upon the banner of the Democratic party, the next thing to be attended to was to place a man at the head of the movement who possessed the requisite ability, and who had sufficiently proven himself. This man has been found in the Empire State of the Union. The shouts of triumph are echoing through the land, and thousands and hundreds of thousands of glad voices are crying, 'This shall be a white man's government.' It is right, too, that one of the noblest sons of New York should have been presented to the people of the United States for their suffrages in behalf of truth and right. I would scorn, gentlemen, to deceive you, and I therefore wish to say here that the favorite son of Ohio, whom I have known well and long, was my favorite above all other men—true in peace and true in war. He has proved a sacrifice to the holiest of all causes—popular liberty. Ohio did it herself, backed by her most noble sons. It must not now be a question of favoritism; it is a question of *principle*; and where is there a man, an honest man, in all the country, from one end to the other, who can object to the principles of the platform presented to the people of the country? They are the same that are given us in the Constitution of the United States—regarding alike the rights of the people and the rights of the States.

"We have now arraigned before the bar of the whole world the men whose acts for the last six years have shamed human nature itself, and violated every principal of virtue and of truth. What is not good for Ohio, nor Michigan, nor Radical Maine, is, according to the doctrine of these men, 'plenty good enough for Georgia,' and the other Southern States, which are now being brought, as they say, into the sisterhood, or half-sisterhood. Is any man going to accept terms that degrade him and his children forever? What these people call 'Reconstruction measures' are null and void, and *not law*. They overturn the Constitution of the United States, and all the rights, privileges, and securities of our citizens for life, liberty and property. And because they could not work these iniquities through the Courts they took our Courts away. The judiciary must fall before them. Congress has all the power, and keeps it. As for ourselves, we have no courts, no Constitution, no Civil Law, no *Habeas Corpus*—not even *Military Law*. They set up Military Courts without even the restrictions of Military law, and they stand before the world to-day their own expounders of law and justice. No man has one hour's exemption from the imposition of power. You are all tenants at will, in your property, lives, and liberties.

"But there comes to the rescue a mighty army, with its thousands of banners and bravest of men, from California and from Oregon; from the rocks of New England and the plains of New York, and the iron regions of Pennsylvania. Come, every man, and join this glorious band! We will effect the object, if every honest man does his duty. Take away this chance, and where are you? Down-trodden, robbed, insulted, plundered, with no law to save but irremediable measures enacted by God himself. Come then, every man! Let the good come; let the bad come; let everybody come! The women will come too. I never saw a woman yet who refused to honor her country. Let him that hath sinned, sin no more. Come, rally to our standard, and cover, like mighty hosts, the entire breadth of the land. This standard of ours will be a sure protection to every honest man in the Republic. Then say, 'We will resist to the death this measure of iniquity, this measure that compels you to admit the negro to perpetuity of suffrage with yourselves.' These laws strike, as at a blow, all these brave and noble men from among you, who have been with you for the last sixty years.

"Your legislators, your judges—your friends—those who in all seasons stood by you and with you, are cast off by a horde of carpet-baggers and negro slaves, who are the legislators of the present. So numerous and powerful are the evils which those people have inflicted upon you, that I shrink from recounting them. The enormities which we daily behold in every part of our country need no portrayal here. I do not, therefore, believe that there is a man within the sound of my voice, nor an honest man anywhere, who will require any inducement to join the ranks of the Democratic party of the United States. Gen. Grant tells you he wants peace! What sort of peace? The peace of the tyrant of Russia when he sent the poor Poles in chains to Siberia, and after having disposed of them in that manner, issued his proclamation that, 'Order reigns in Warsaw.' (Laughter and cheers). This is the peace that Gen. Grant wants. I will tell you another fact which is enough for this time, that as the late war was produced by the *defeated* Democratic party in 1860, we shall never have peace until it is *restored* in 1868. If Gen. Grant wants peace, let him join the Democratic party. (Cheers). I say, by God, that neither despotism, nor tyranny, nor injustice, meets with peace in this world or the next. We want no peace in chains; peace worthy of freedom we want; and as we have now no possibility of fighting with the sword, let us fight with the ballot box."

GEN. BUTLER ON THE NEGRO.

Gen. Butler in a speech lately delivered in the House of Representatives, in reply to James Brooks, M. C., said:

"Sir, I listen to all these attacks upon the negro, and this talk that the Democracy are going to take away the ballot from him, with the utmost contempt. What, sir! take away the ballot from nearly six millions of people who have tasted its sweets, felt its power, and were shielded by its protection? Take away that great franchise from almost a Nation! Take away this safeguard of freedom, which no people who ever enjoyed ever yet surrendered save with their lives! You may talk about it, you may plot for it, you may try for it, you may scheme for it, and with all the aid of all the powers of death and hell; but let me say that the ballot, once in the hands of millions of freemen, never was and never can be taken away. That is a fixed fact, fixed beyond all peradventure; and whoever arrays himself against it simply butts his head against a wall. * * * When gentlemen tell us there will be a war of races, I say that it is like every other of these predictions about the negro—false. You said he would not fight, but he did fight. You said he would not work, but he does work. You said if we gave him a vote he would vote just as his master wanted him to. That is exactly the way he did not vote. (Laughter). You said he did not know how to vote. Well, the negroes vote just as I would have done if I had been in their places, and that is as good voting as I desire. (Laughter). * * * We of the party of progress, of equality, of right, and of freedom, shall take no step backward. The ballot put in the hands of a man created in the image of his God will remain in his hands as his greatest boon and blessing, until he chooses to relinquish it; and no power can take it from his hands. Whoever tries to take it from him will try an experiment that in the history of the world never yet has succeeded; and I, without claiming the gift of prophecy, will say, an experiment which never will succeed."

KOSCIUSZKO'S LOVE OF LIBERTY.

[From the University Magazine.]

THE inclosed paper is a copy of the will of Gen. Thaddeus Kosciuszko which for nearly half a century has been lying buried and forgotten in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Albemarle. It was admitted to record on the 12th day of May, 1819. I was then Deputy Clerk, and the order of court (admitting it to record) and the indorsements are in my handwriting—the scenes and facts connected with this transaction are vividly impressed upon my memory. The Circuit Court of Albemarle—Judge Archibald Stuart (father of the Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart) presiding—was then in session. An illustrious man—then, as at all times, the observed of all observers, walked into court. The Judge, on perceiving that Thomas Jefferson, stately and erect, was standing before him, bowed and invited him to take a seat on the bench. To this Mr. Jefferson replied: "As soon as your Honor shall have leisure to attend to me, I have a matter of business which I wish to present to the Court." Immediately, by consent of the parties concerned, further proceedings on the matter then before Court were suspended, till Mr. Jefferson could be heard. He took from his pocket a paper which he said was the will of his friend Gen. Thaddeus Kosciuszko; that the will was written entirely in the handwriting of the testator; he was well acquainted with his handwriting, and could testify on oath to the facts which he stated. The usual oath was then administered by the clerk, the necessary interrogatories formally put, affirmatively answered, and the will was, by order of Court, admitted to record.

Mr. Jefferson then stated that at his advanced age, it was not in his power to undertake the burden of the execution of the will, and thereupon declined to qualify as executor.

The services of Kosciuszko to the American cause in our revolutionary struggle, his subsequent career in endeavoring to give freedom and independence to his own country, his final overthrow at Maciejowice, and the prophetic lament which he uttered when falling from his horse covered with wounds: *Finis Poloniae*—are facts well known to history, but nothing exhibits more graphically or beautifully the character of the man, than the short and simple paper which I send you—disinterestedness, universal philanthropy, and a heart bursting with desire for liberty, freedom and happiness to all mankind are pictured as in a mirror. Well did the poet say

"And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell."

WM. WERTENBAKER.

University of Virginia, June 19th, 1868.

THE WILL.

I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, being just in my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend Thomas *Jefferson* to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any others, and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them *an* education in trades or otherwize, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or *moders*, husbands or *vives*, and in their duties as *citizens*, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country and of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful, and I make the said Thomas Jefferson my executor of this.

5th day of May, 1798. T. KOSCIUSZKO.

At a Circuit Court held for Albemarle County, the 12th day of May, 1819.

This instrument of writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, deceased, was produced in court, and satisfactory proof produced of its being entirely written by the said Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the same is ordered to be recorded, and thereupon, Thomas Jefferson the executor therein named refused to take upon himself the burthen of the execution of the said will. Teste. JOHN CARR, C. C.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

THE loyal press has been so full and unanimous in its testimony to the rare worth of this great man that we hardly need add our word. The proof of his worth is the poignant consciousness of every loyal man that the Nation has lost one of its strongest friends, and the bitter hate and systematic depreciation he suffers at the hand of every foe of the true UNION, from the *London Times* up to the most short-sighted and cowardly Republican.

We have lost the only original Abolitionist, except Mr. Sumner and possibly Mr. Julian, that Congress contains. Other Republicans have learned their duty from the events of the last fifteen years. They have read the Nation's policy in the light of the war. The rage and madness of the South have forced them into the acknowledgment of principles. But Mr. Stevens was one of that very small number among American politicians, who look at affairs in the light of principles: One who needed no Fugitive Slave Bill, no Jeffries or Taney, no gun at Sumpter to teach him the negro's rights or his own duties. More than thirty years ago he was giving his personal attendance, eloquent appeals and earnest effort to the Anti-Slavery movement. The only point, at that early day, on which he differed with Abolitionists was their pledge to use only moral means. The same haughty and defiant spirit which flashed up in the old man of threescore years and ten, was buoyant then, and he utterly refused any pledge to confine his resistance, forty years ago, to mere argument. It was the same unflinching logic which longed to do for others exactly as much as he meant to do for himself.

It was this old and long familiarity with the whole question which prevented the war from taking him unawares, or putting him to school for a policy. All these, to other men new, problems had been to him subjects of patient thought and earnest discussion years before. He met Rebellion fully prepared for all its issues. This explains not only the promptness of his decision, but the systematic consistency of his whole course. His war record is all of a piece; no hesitation, no going forward and back. He saw the whole epoch in its germ, and the end from the beginning.

He was

> —the generous Spirit, who when brought
> Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
> Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
> Whose high endeavors are an inward light
> That makes the path before him always bright;
> And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
> In calmness made, and *sees what he foresaw*.

He believed in doing what you saw to be right, not in bringing your action down to the level of the thousand blind men and the ten thousand selfish ones who hang on your skirts, meaning to steal repute from associating with you; at the same time crippling your action enough to save their own fears and their own interests. Such men were the load that his energy took up and carried through the war. And now such men, protected by his sagacity and courage, are foremost to criticise his tireless activity and strenuous leadership.

Other causes—Anti-masonry for instance—had a share in his life. But the question which won him from the courts into politics, and the one for which he lived, was the abolition of American slavery. Every drop of his blood was hot for Liberty. Everything that crippled or endangered Liberty was his foe.

When we saw him at Lancaster, in December, 1857, he had decided—for his health's sake and to recruit his neglected estate—to retire from political life and devote himself wholly to his profession; a prudent resolve, which the bugle-note of rebellion scattered to the winds.

During the whole war we remember no single instance in which his sagacity was at fault. He saw Lincoln, his merits and his defects, as clearly as any American. He led the Nation and Congress on all the war measures. And if we outlive this present peril and ride safely into another administration, loyal and Northern, his policy of Impeachment will be one great source of our safety. The South longs to bully and overawe, and Mr. Johnson would gladly help it in its purpose to make intrigue eke out weakness.

But that grave at Lancaster reminds all the rebel herd of a purpose which one brave soul planted in the Nation's heart—and even yet the finger of THADDEUS STEVENS affrights the whites into submission. Long may the effect endure! Long may the old man rule our spirits from his urn!

A clear, broad comprehension; a long, sure foresight; a soul that knew not the fear of men; fearless to attack, and with a faith that no defeat could tire out; utter disinterestedness; entire loyalty to justice; great knowledge of men; rare power to mould them—surely these are the qualities that make a great man. Mr. Stevens adds one more. His whole life was of a piece. Beginning, middle and end were one harmonious whole. Our "GREAT COMMONER'S" life was no patchwork. Giddings must yield to him in intellectual ability and the qualities of a leader. Adams' life was a patchwork of selfishness and servility crowned with ten years—ending the eighty—when his soul rose to serve his country and his race. But the GREAT COMMONER won his title by the simplicity of his life, the wholeness of his devotion, his unmatched ability and the proud success Heaven accorded him. If in 1861 he had been fifty years old, instead of close on seventy, the war would have had, we think, a different complexion. We should have had, at the start, what we have lacked all through, *a leader*, whom Congress would have been willing to follow. With a President who sought only to follow, and a Congress of jealous equals, the Nation drifted on like a ship with no wind in the sails and no hand on the helm. Encumbered with years, worn out with long and weary conflict, Mr. Stevens could put forth but half his power. But for this burden of years, his name would stand as far above most of his cotemporaries as Clay, Webster or Calhoun's above theirs. As it is, no single mind has done more to shape this era.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

On the afternoon of the 17th inst. the remains of Thaddeus Stevens were consigned to the tomb, Lancaster, in which city the interment took place, surrendered the day to mourning for her illustrious citizen; and all her inhabitants, without distinction of political faith, united in paying the last tribute of respect to one so worthy the grief of a Nation. It is estimated that fifteen thousand persons, among whom were many from abroad, witnessed the impressive ceremonies.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FOUR MILES UNDER GROUND.

HOWE'S CAVE, August, 1868.

FROM the heights of the Catskills we have varied our summer ramblings by a visit to Howe's Cave, and a four-miles excursion under ground. This cave is second in extent only to the great Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It is richer and more wonderful than that, in the beauty and variety of its stalactite and stalagmite formations. It is located in the town of Cobleskill, Schoharie County, New York, thirty-eight miles northwest from Albany, on the line of the Albany and Susquehanna railroad. Directly over the entrance to the cave a large hotel has been erected, known as the Cave House. This is but a few rods from the railroad station, at which all trains stop.

The visitor descends two or three flights of stairs, and is then introduced at once into the cave. All are equipped with torches, and ladies are provided with a costume very much after the Bloomer fashion. For about sixty rods there is a moderate ascent; through a rocky passage-way, which varies from six to nine feet in width, and eight to twelve feet in height. The sides of this passage-way are comparatively even and regular. When first discovered by Mr. Howe, it was nearly filled with clay, gravel and rock deposits. His first entrance could be effected only with great difficulty. Thousands of tons of this material have since been removed by the action of water brought to bear upon it, and by much hard work beside on the part of the discoverer. It is with a peculiar emotion that one starts upon this several miles journey, literally into the interior, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth. The query is involuntarily suggested whether we shall ever again see the daylight?

Shortly we are ushered by the guide into the first large chamber, which has been named the Subterranean Lecture Room. This chamber is about one hundred feet long, averages in width thirty-five to forty feet, and is from ten to twenty-five feet high. There are as yet no stalactites or stalagmites visible. But upon every side are abundant evidences of the action of water upon the limestone rocks. The general direction of the cave is north-northwest from the entrance.

Leaving the Subterranean Lecture Room we pass from one to another, through a long succession of remarkable rocky chambers and passage-ways which we have not space in this letter to attempt a detailed description of. In outline there is almost endless variety. Few of the passage-ways are inconveniently small and narrow. One section, perhaps a mile from the entrance, called the Harlem Tunnel, scarcely varies from a straight line for over thirty rods. This portion is about twelve feet wide, a little narrower at the top, and about seven feet high. Passing on through several large chambers, some containing many stalactites and stalagmites of very curious shapes—and some very beautiful—we come to a large chamber called Music Hall. The sides and rocky arches of this hall present a great variety of cavities, and smooth surfaces, which front in many directions, giving a very remarkable effect to sound. The reverberating echo here surpasses anything of the kind to which we have ever listened. Every one who enters this hall is either involuntarily moved to song, or quickened with a desire to hear others sing. A small stream of water, clear as crystal, runs through this hall.

On leaving Music Hall, about two miles from the entrance, our journey on foot is interrupted by the Stygian Lake. We have the novel pleasure of a subterranean trip in a flat-bottom boat of about one-fourth of a mile. The water is from two to sixteen feet deep. It is very pure and transparent. From the rocky roofing of this subterranean lake, like icicles, hang thousands of stalactites, of a great variety of sizes and shapes, the finest of any portion of the Cave. One of the larger ones very much resembles and is called the Harp, and if you strike it gently in different parts you may easily fancy that it emits musical sounds, the echo of which certainly is very enjoyable.

Having reached the end of the lake we are landed upon a huge stalagmite, known by the denizens of the Cave, as Plymouth Rock. We have still a mile and three-fourths of our journey to make on foot. We ascend a few feet by what the guide announces as Jacob's Ladder and enter the Devil's Gangway. (This reverses the Biblical arrangement). Passing through the small cave, about three feet in diameter, we re-enter the main cave beyond.

We are next introduced into a large chamber, called the Museum, which contains many singular, and some very rare, specimens of stalactites and stalagmites, then to other chambers called the Geological Rooms, the Giant's Study, the Ghost Room, the Pirate's Cave, etc. We then come to a wild passage called the Rocky Mountains. Here we climb over a large mass of fallen rocks, and huge, broken stalagmites, which lie piled up in promiscuous confusion. Leaving these we enter the Valley of Jehosaphat. This is one of the largest chambers in the cave, about one-fourth of a mile in length, eight to twelve feet wide, and varying in height from fifty to over two hundred feet. The Stygian river passes through this valley. At the terminus of this chamber the cave divides into three parts. The division, supposed to be the main cave, Mr. Howe has explored several miles beyond this point, but it is at present inaccessible to visitors. The right hand division, which leads through a very circuitous passage, called the Winding Way, is especially interesting, and through it visitors are taken for about one-fourth of a mile. It is from two to four feet in width, and from ten to twenty feet high. Near the terminus of Winding Way, is a chamber formed by the falling of a large rock, which is called the Sitting Room. Here at present the visitor's journey ends.

A short distance beyond this, accessible now only by the unpleasant process of crawling part of the way through mud and water, is the Rotunda, a very large, nearly round chamber, the height of which has never yet been ascertained. By a union of ladders, its sides have been ascended three hundred feet. From that elevation, with the aid of a powerful light, its top could not be seen. On one occasion a rocket, attached to six hundred feet of twine, was fired upwards the full length of the twine without reaching the roofing.

We omitted to mention that in a branch section of the cave, with singular appropriateness located not very far distant from Congress Hall and the Ghost Room, in a very deep chamber, which is known as the Bottomless Pit. Into this pit large stones have been thrown, but no sound is ever heard from them, and long lines have been dropped without any indication of having touched bottom. As visitors to the Cave have became more numerous, it has been deemed best to nearly close up the passage-way to this awful pit by a strong wall lest, we presume, some unlucky wights of the Copperhead-Democracy, impelled by the law of attraction and gravitation, should fall in.

As we reach the Sitting Room, four miles from the entrance, the guide invites us to rest. That we may now, if never before, appreciate perfect darkness and stillness, he kindly extinguishes all the lights and bids us be entirely quiet. We have darkness in absolute perfection. And nothing can be heard save the ticking of watches, suppressed breathing, and the beating of hearts. All visitors are proffered this experience as a part of their entertainment. It happened last year, with a party of seven, who were thus enjoying total darkness during their rest, that when the guide attempted to light up again all his matches failed! Nor did either of the party have any. Their feelings can be better imagined than described! The guide, who was an expert, enjoined it upon the party to remain where they were, and he would undertake the hazardous experiment of making the return trip through the darkness, and come for them with lights. To those who waited, an hour seemed as a day, and they resolved to try and find the way out for themselves. They had gone but a short distance, when one of their number plunged several feet down the rocks of a by-path, but fortunately without serious injury. They concluded then to await advices and light from outside. The guide made his way out safely, and after the lapse of seven hours returned to his disconsolate party with lighted torches.

The air of the Cave is very pure and exhilerating. There is a slight breeze perceptible nearly all the time. The temperature is uniformly at 48 Fahr. throughout the year. The only living things we saw were bats. As cool weather approaches they congregate in the Cave in large numbers. Fish have been several times introduced but they go out with the Spring floods, evidently preferring some other habitation. The only animal remains which have ever been found were the bones of a bear. These were found about a mile from the entrance, and are now preserved in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Since the completion of the railroad the fact of the existence of this great natural curiosity has become more widely known, and the number of visitors steadily increases. That it will ere long become famous as a place of resort, there is no doubt. It will ultimately be accessible to visitors to a much greater extent than at present, when the immense deposits of clay, gravel, and fragments of rocks which now obstruct many of the passages shall have been removed. Explorations have been made in the aggregate, it is computed, a distance of over thirty miles.

Thousands, perchance millions of years have been required to perfect the grand stalactitic exhibition which this Cave affords. Silently it has been in preparation while many generations of men and women, in quick succession, have come and gone. So slow has been the progress that at any time, to human observation, it would have been imperceptible. So is it with human progress. Seed thoughts of truth are sown, and though their growth may be slow, it is sure. Patient perseverance in right action and noble living, if only by a small minority, will not less certainly help the race upward and onward in the scale of being.

A. M. P.

PERSONAL.

John B. Gough has received more than eight hundred invitations to lecture the coming season.

Ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, is rusticating at a farm-house at Prout's Neck, Maine.

Theodore D. Weld will address the Free Congregational Society at Florence, Mass., on Sunday, August 30th.

A colored clergyman was with Thaddeus Stevens during his last hours who was in attendance at the death-bed of John Quincy Adams.

Jules Favre has been advocating, in the French Corps Legislatif, the bestowal of the ballot upon the native population of Algeria. The proposition was defeated.

Robert H. Isabelle, the colored Speaker of the Louisiana Legislature, is a son of Dr. Isabelle, who served as a surgeon in the armies of Napoleon.

In Albion College (Pa.) two of the most important chairs are filled by Women, viz: Miss Rachel Carney, M. S., Professor of Modern Languages, and Miss Sallie A. Rulinson, M. A. S., Professor of Mathematics.

The *Boston Transcript* says:

"The Rev. Robert Collyer, the eloquent Chicago divine, at his discourse last Sabbath, had more clergymen for hearers than any other preacher in our city."

At Newport, R. I., recently, some visitors to the Massachusetts School ship were examining the boys. To the question, "For what is Philadelphia famous?" several voices eagerly responded: "For being the birth-place of Anna Dickinson!" It seems she is a great favorite with those on board the vessels they visited.

A French journal says that an adventurous English lady Miss Rosa Glarkins, has successfully accomplished the accent of the Grand Cervin (valais). This daring "Miss" is said to have strangled with her own hands a wolf "*dans la forêt de* Burchase (Augleterc;" and will shortly visit Africa for the purpose of shooting panthers.

Robert Toombs said to the Democrats of Atlanta, Ga., on the 23d ult.: "The grinning skeletons which have been set up in our midst as legislators shall be ousted by Frank Blair, whom the Democratic party has expressly appointed for that purpose. All these things shall be swept from the bosom of the country."

At a meeting of colored men in this city on the 3d inst, resolutions eulogistic of the life and services of Thaddeus Stevens and expressing the heart-felt sorrow of the colored people at the death of their early and steadfast friend, were unanimously adopted. Letters and exchanges bring reports of similar meetings in various parts of the country.

The case of Mary Ann Smith, the young woman who is now imprisoned in the "House of the Good Shepherd" in this city, for having changed her faith from Catholicism to Methodism, is to be again brought before the Courts. At the Methodist camp-meeting at Sing Sing, Dr. Mattison related the circumstances of the case, and made a successful appeal to his audience for aid in carrying it on, expressing the determination to employ the ablest counsel, and carry the appeal to the highest tribunal of the nation. We fear, however, that in this case the law is on the side of those who hold the girl in custody.

The *Philadelphia Post* says:

"Frank Blair, in his speeches, calls the freedmen 'semi-barbarous blacks,' 'idle vagabonds,' 'degraded beings,' and an 'alien race of semi-barbarous men.' On the other hand, the *Richmond Enquirer*, *Charleston Mercury*, *Mobile Advertiser*, and other rebel sheets, are begging the freedmen to vote with the Democratic party, because it is their 'best friend.' Democracy, it seem, has two faces, two policies, and is altogether time-serving and hypocritical. It is so in its platform, which is designed to please both the 'bond-holders' and the 'plow-holders.' Which side does it intend to betray?"

George W. Smalley in a recent London letter to the *Tribune*, says:

"We often have cause to complain of the way in which American news is presented to the English public, but the 'China' brought us a paragraph which atones for numberless errors. Mr. Reuter's agent informs us that Gov. Swann of Maryland has appointed Mr. William Pinckney, *a white, and Democrat*, to be Senator in place of Mr. Reverdy Johnson; and perhaps it is necessary to be explicit, for you may be sure that half the Englishmen who trouble themselves about American 'politics believe that Maryland is a rebel State, recently readmitted, and would have supposed Mr. Pinckney to be a Black Republican in every sense of the word. It would be a great pity to explain that it is Mr. William Pinckney Whyte who is Gov. Swann's nominee."

The *Philadelphia Press*, in a tribute to the late Thaddeus Stevens, thus speaks:

"He was undoubtedly, all things considered, the ablest political or parliamentary leader of his day or time. Tall in stature, deliberate in utterance and in gesticulation, with a massive head, and features so remarkable that no one who saw him once could ever forget him, his whole presence conveyed the idea of dignity and force. His forehead was uncommonly high and broad, his features bold and striking, his brows projecting, and his cavernous eyes bright, piercing, and full of expression. He was simple and direct in his conversation, and when he listened, he looked, as it were, into the very soul of the speaker, piercing clear through duplicity, and laying bare all deceit. He was never declamatory, and rarely eloquent, yet everybody listened to him; and he had that personal and indescribable magnetism by which some men lead other men, but which is never separated from strong intellect and unbending determination. In his last resting place let no hatred follow him. As Charles Lamb has beautifully said: 'It is a trait of human nature, for which I love it, that man wars not with the dead, for the dead are no man's enemies.'"

And, in the same article, his devotion to human liberty—a characteristic of his life—is thus illustrated:

"When the ladies of Lancaster called upon him for a subscription to their Orphan's School, he declined the request on the ground that they refused admission to colored children, saying: 'I never will, Heaven helping me, encourage a system which denies education to any one of God Almighty's household.' A few months before his death, while thinking of selecting his burial ground, he remembered that he was the owner of two lots in two of the leading cemeteries of Lancaster, but, learning that their charters denied interment to the colored people, he sold them both, and purchased a square of ground in what is known as Shreiner's Cemetery, on North Mulberry street, where he will sleep his last sleep."

ERRATA.—In the pleasant letter from Mary Grew, in THE STANDARD of August 8th, in fifteenth line from close of final paragraph, for "fragrant seed" read "pregnant seed."

In the interesting "Anti-Slavery Reminiscence" in last week's STANDARD, by our valued contributor, L. Maria Child, an error occurs of date. The amusing scene with the Georgia slaveholder occurred in January, 1838, not '37 as printed in the article.

SHARON SPRINGS.

SECOND LETTER FROM JOHN T. SARGENT.

"PAVILION," August 16th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

In my previous letter to you, under date of August 1st, I indicated the number of guests now resident in this "Pavilion" alone, as some three or four hundred. They constitute, as you may suppose, a most heterogeneous assemblage, and, although the majority are American, there is a large admixture of almost every other nationality under heaven—English, French, German, Swiss, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Jewish, Scotch, Cubans, etc., producing, as you may imagine, almost a "confusion of tongues" when they are "all a-going!"

Among the few Boston acquaintances I have met here is our excellent friend, Wm. I. Bowditch, whose presence is a sort of "saving grace" amid so many of the conservative order. In such a concourse of varying elements you can hardly look for any general assimilation or unity of sentiment, especially when you superadd to the foreign features of the crowd, the fact that Americans themselves are as "a house divided against itself." Such an assemblage has of course as many different affinities as there are languages or nationalities represented. But the prevailing "animus" so to speak, the dominant "spirit" of the individual, if not the "*esprit du corps*," is a fair and open subject of criticism, for they obviously enough *seek* notoriety by their competition in dress, their rivalry in elegant equipages, and their pride of deportment. Nothing is more palpable to the keen observer than the demeanor of self-consciousness and vanity on the part of many who resort to such places, and whose chief and perhaps only distinction is their money and social position growing out of it. What is vulgarly called "shoddy" aristocracy is pretty sure to be well represented at these American watering-places, and, to my mind, the most singular anomaly about it is that the most absurd manifestations of it are generally on the part of certain Democratic mushrooms of New York and Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. If you want a real farcical specimen of "upper ten" pretensions and ethnic aristocracy, take a raw Democrat, plant him, green, in the rich soil of conventional opportunities, water him well with social successes, feed him with government bonds and lucky speculations, and, in due time, you'll have the rankest weed the world knows. The most exclusive aristocrats in this country are, generally, now the old original Democrats run up to seed, and the expression and bearing of all such, here as elsewhere, is as if they thought themselves unsurpassable. To be sure Marquis somebody has been here with his uncertain title to French or Italian nobility, wearing tights with knee-buckles, and flesh-colored silk stockings, a bit of a feather in his "*chapeau*," a red ribbon and star on his left shoulder, while his wife is reported to have changed her dress not less than five times a day, thus rivalling the most fabulous of chameleons. And, all this, surely, ought to have established *their* claim to be considered the leaders of *this* section of the "*beau monde*" at least; but then, you see, some rich Colonel or Millionaire on "Fifth Avenue" from New York, or Major somebody from Philadelphia, or Squire so-and-so from Beacon street, Boston, are more than a match for him by the exquisite style and character of their "turn-outs;"—coaches and four with a driver elevated ten feet above the course, and extra liveried with cockade, gilt hat-band, and white kids, while upon the coach-pannels are some sort of scribblings and dabs of paint meant for "coat of arms." Of course, now, persons with such an array of insignia *are* something, or *think* they are! And all this too, in a country where liberty and equality and democratic simplicity are the watchwords!

And then, too, look and listen, if you will, for the logical social ethics, the cherished or expressed opinions, and current conversation of these poor snobs. And what does it amount to? How selfish and mean in its motive! How narrow in its range! I seldom care to evolve it by any Yankee system of inquisitiveness or cross-questionings, but it will sometimes force itself upon us unbidden, unexpected, unsolicited. Thus, for instance, one man said to another in my hearing a few days ago;—"It looks dark for Seymour and Blair doesn't it?—We must put a stop to these reconstructive liberty and equality movements. D—n these Radical Republicans I say. Down with the nigger!" On another occasion said a Boston lady to me in the course of a conversation I was having with her as to the different phases of society here represented—"How I do hate these Abolitionists," (She evidently not imagining that I was one of them). "Ah, madam" said I, with a bow, "and will you please tell me whom you mean by Abolitionists, and who are the unfortunates who thus come under your anathemas?" "Well," said she, "of course I mean the Republicans, all who do not vote the Democratic ticket!" This really seemed to be giving to the Abolitionists a wider scope and margin of numerical force than they had ever yet claimed, while it implies a much bigger compliment to the Republicans than they have ever yet merited. Again, an intelligent Greek gentleman, here resident, with whom I was talking on the prospects of free principles in *his* country and the progress they had so far attained in *this*, put to me, deliberately, in the course of his conference, this query—"Is not Mr. Wendell Phillips of African origin? or rather is he not a mulatto, and of the mixed breed?" "Well," said I, looking earnestly into his dark Oriental countenance, "I only wish that you and I were half as fair, inside and out as my friend, Wendell Phillips! You, surely, cannot mean to imply that no man can show the sympathy which he does for the black man, unless he himself has a dark skin! How was it with your friend Dr. Howe among the Greeks?" This, of course, seemed to silence him. There is, to my mind, something very mortifying in the stolid prejudices and gross ignorance thus manifested by otherwise sensible people; otherwise well-educated, I say, except so far as they have allowed the gross greeds and conventionalities of an aristocratic prestige and fashionable life to smother and eat up all their humane sympathies. The marvel to me is that in such a land, amid the romantic surroundings of such a landscape as this, with its magnificent sweep of hill and dale, forest and plain, where the great bounties of Providence are so broadcast, and where the Lord God has so

lavished his ministrations of love as if to suggest that amid such beauties of nature there should be no other thought than of our common dependence and fraternal relations—the wonder is that amid such benign influences, I say, there should be those whose hearts are foreclosed against all considerations of human rights, and all recognition of human brotherhood and equality. One would think that the glorious and free old sunlight, this new and wondrous revelation of each returning day as it kindles up o'er the mountain top, and mottles those far-off meadows, and shimmers on each wave of broad ocean and silvery lake, might put to shame the ignominy of such narrowness and Pharisaic pretension as we see exhibited in human society, the mean exclusiveness of one class toward another, the worse than reserve of one man toward another because of his complexion, or poverty, or social position or want of position. Amid such exhibitions of pride, my inclination often is, as I mingle with the passing crowd or promenade these piazzas, to say to the haughty Southerner, or the self-conceited Democrat whom I chance to meet—"Look here, now, my stern brother—does not the genial sunbeam of these August days come down as freely, as impartial and as generously on yonder little potato patch, which you see there in the valley by the poor man's lowly red cottage, as here on these uplifted and vast harvest fields and orchards of the millionaire? And did not the welcome shower of yesterday fall as kindly, indiscriminate and lovingly on the rosebush of that poor old widow by yonder hillside as on the wide spread gardens of that wealthy man whose spacious mansion crowns the summit? Will you not read in this, then, the impartiality of our heavenly Father? 'Shame on you if you do not! Shame on you, if *you*, an immortal can be less generous or considerate than the raindrops or the sunbeam!

Off here to the far northwest, as I stand out-looking from a stand-point on this piazza, are some of the scenes and localities of old John Brown's expedition. Dimly seen amid perspective mists, as sympathetic tears for him obscure our vision, those silent woods and hilltops seem to say—"Dear old man, dear martyr, we cherish the memorials of your self-sacrifice: the full wreath of your honors shall more and more efflouresce with us if no where else, and you shall yet see the acme of your soul's desire by the fuller triumph and consummation of LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and the RECOGNITION OF HUMAN RIGHTS all over the land!

JOHN T. SARGENT.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, August 17th, 1868.

WE have just had here a Democratic meeting to ratify the party nominations made in New York, and the representatives of that party came together in numbers sufficient to fill Faneuil Hall. The respectabilities sat on the platform, and the unwashed crowded the body of the house. As to the love of fair dealing and free speech shown in this democratic meeting, these may be judged of by the fact that an auditor who inquired if he might ask a question was first clamored down, and then hustled out of the hall, without any interposition from either the Chairman of the meeting, or the speaker who occupied the platform.

The audience was addressed, as usual, by the very men who, while slavery bore sway, were most zealous and unscrupulous in defence of slavery. It was of these men, and others like them, that the worst Southern rebels, returning home from the New York Convention, made this report to their secessionist friends: "The Northern Democrats were willing to give us everything we desired; but they asked us not to insist upon anything in the platform that would engender prejudice at the North; pledging themselves, however, to meet our views in any other way we might choose; *accepting our proposition* that 'THE RECONSTRUCTION ACTS WERE REVOLUTIONARY, UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND VOID;' and promising, with every expression of sincerity and enthusiasm, to *carry it out to the end.*"

It may be well to quote, in connection with this democratic utterance, an expression of opinion *and of hope* just published in the South:

A writer in the August number of *De Bow's Review*, on the present aspect of the labor question in the South, declares that wages ($15 a month) are entirely too high, and that no planter can do a profitable business in cotton without a reduction in this part of his expenses. He has examined the question of white emigration, and finds that ex-slaveholders who have gone to Honduras, Mexico and Brazil have not done well, and a majority of them have found it better to return. Emigration to India offers a better prospect. There they can get land at a rent of three shilling per acre on a thirty years' lease from the Government, and can get labor for one shilling a day. This writer, however, does not advise emigration, even to India. He says—"After waiting three years, we can afford to wait a little longer, *and there is no telling what the next Presidential election may bring.*"

The evidence now daily arriving from most of the Southern States shows that numbers, of the class that made the rebellion, are looking with hope to the movements of the Democracy, heartily working for the success of Seymour and Blair, and doing all that intrigue and violence can do to prevent the colored people from getting fair wages for their labor, getting regular and satisfactory instruction for themselves and their children, exercising the functions of citizenship, or escaping, in any manner or degree, from the stigma of *low caste*, so long unjustly enforced upon them.

Among the great changes that time has brought to our New England within the last forty years is this—that instead of going twice to church or to meeting as a matter of course on Sunday, a large number of people now not only query with themselves every week whether they will go or not, but consider, as one element towards the decision of this question, whether the services there will include any such interest or benefit to mind or soul as to make them *worth* attending. Formerly people went there mechanically and unthinkingly, even when they *knew* that the routine of service would be utterly stupid and unprofitable. Sleep was a refuge to many; but those who were unable or unwilling to sleep were often driven to the adoption of George Herbert's suggestion, the voluntary cultivation of patience during the weary hour of unprofitable preaching. The hungry sheep looked up, and were not fed, but had not yet ventured to conceive the idea of the possibility of staying away from that lenten diet.

Since that time, great numbers of people have become better acquainted with the Bible, and have found that the attempt of the clergy to constrain them to a special observance of Sunday finds no support from that book; and then, bringing reason to the help of Scripture, they ventured to believe that the weekly hearing of wearisome truisms was not "a means of grace," and that they might be more profitably occupied than in attendance there; and thus it has come to pass that our church services have a less crowded attendance than they used to have.

These thoughts were brought to my mind by the contrast presented yesterday (Sunday) between Faneuil Hall, where Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago preached, and our city churches. When there is a live man to speak, who not only loves truth but feels independent of tradition, and has the gift of persuasive speech, the people are ready to come and hear. The great hall was crowded with people, every one of whom had gone there because he *wanted* to go; and the attention of the audience showed that the good lesson given them in the sermon was appreciated.

One of the elements of Mr. Collyer's popularity, as of Henry Ward Beecher's, is his utter disregard of that element in public speech which received its name from the member for Buncombe, in the South Carolina Legislature, long ago. He neither cares, nor pretends to care, for those forms, phrases and usages of his profession which have become sanctified in popular estimation by professional tradition and custom, with no foundation in truth or fact. There is no humbug about him. The religion which he teaches and illustrates is not of the Sabbatical, ceremonial sort, but one to be used seven days in the week, described in the language of ordinary life, and applied to the work and play of ordinary life.

In Mr. Collyer's prayer on this occasion were two matters which varied greatly, both in expression and thought, from the ordinary style of clerical expression and thought, and must have aroused profitable meditation in many of the audience. When he spoke of our being assembled in "this sacred place," many thought, no doubt, that it was one of the stock phrases of the pulpit, inadvertently and incorrectly used; but when he proceeded to say, emphatically, "this *most* sacred of the places in this city"—some perhaps were led to think for the first time of the intimate relation between religion and liberty.

Most ministers not only warn their hearers against worldliness, but dy to the other extreme, and earnestly inculcate "other worldliness;" but Mr. Collyer, having occasion to mention the future life, prayed that we might not be too much engrossed with thoughts of any *other* state of existence, but make it our chief object to attend thoroughly and well to the business of *this* life.

NORTH.

DEATH OF THADDEUS STEVENS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 14th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THADDEUS STEVENS is no more. He departed this life at 12 o'clock a. m., Wednesday the 12th inst. His remains were this day followed to the depot by thousands of warm friends, and by sympathizing companions in life: No public man since the death of President Lincoln, possessed so fully the confidence and warm esteem of the masses, and shared to so great an extent the good will of his political foes. Honest, all classes regarded him, and devoted to the great principle of freedom and equality everybody knew him to be. Bold in his positions, unswerving in his attachments, of ripe manhood and well cultivated intellect, he always commanded the enthusiastic attachment of friends and respectful attention of foes. Everybody loved him for his generous good nature and unswerving fidelity to friendship, and when at last he was summoned to that far-off country, "From whose bourne no traveler e'er returns," thousands of warm hearts all over the land were saddened, and millions of bright eyes were moistened with the tears of an affectionate devotion.

But he has gone from us to rest from his labors, and it is feared no one will be found to take his mantle upon him.

It would have done one of the old Anti-Slavery guard good to have witnessed the procession that followed the remains of the brave old commoner from the Capitol to the railroad depot. There was Charles Sumner among the pall-bearers with eyes suffused with tears of friendship, and there too were hundreds of colored citizens with heavy hearts feeling as if they had lost their best, and kindest patron and friend. Never before, has sincerity and honest devotion to principle received a more marked token of appreciation, and never before was the loss of a good man more sincerely regretted.

I believe he was, with the exception of Mr. Julian of Indiana, almost the only old original Anti-Slavery man in the House of Representatives. Who will, and who can fill his place? There is but one man I know of capable of doing so. But one man possessed of the boldness, audacity, eloquence, ripe scholarship and life-long unswerving devotion to the cause of liberty necessary to place him in the lead in the coming contest upon the floor of the House of Representatives. That man is Wendell Phillips of the old Bay State. He, alone has the talent, the generous impulses, the honesty of purpose, accompanied with the life-long unswerving devotion to the cause of human right to enable him to lead the Nation in her coming struggles.

It is to be hoped, now that Thaddeus Stevens is no more, that Mr. Phillips will consent to be elected to Congress from his district and serve the cause of humanity in a new field of labor. The true men of the Nation need his counsels in the Halls of Legislation, and his eloquence upon a theatre where it will influence the Legislation, and shape the destiny of the Nation. It is to be hoped the men of his district will elect him to the XLI Congress.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

AFFAIRS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THE affairs of the District are in a peculiar condition. One or two of their aspects have a deep interest for friends of freedom.

Three governments exist independent of each other therein, all under the absolute control of Congress. The spirit of freedom which pervades the *intention* of our laws and institutions, however faulty in *practice*, has led Congress to grant charters for local self-government to the cities of Washington and Georgetown. The country parts, however, including at least one thriving village, are governed by Commissioners appointed by the President and Senate, in the selection of whom the people of those parts have no voice.

The city charters were granted in 1848. They were to expire this year. Congress, however, desiring, to consider the subject apart from the political perplexities of a Presidential contest, continued them in force for another year.

Thus the whole subject of the government of the District will be a leading topic of next winter's session.

The aristocratic party in the District are full of plots to destroy the effect of manhood suffrage. They seek to deceive the negro into voting the anti-negro ticket. Failing in this, they urge Congress to apply to those whose wages have been stolen all their lives, a property qualification for voting. They urge other measures with a like end.

But the most wily of their schemes is a proposition, now before Congress, to abolish all elective government, and extend the system of government by Commissioners over the whole District. Nearly all the Copperheads, in and out of Congress, favor this scheme. They are reinforced by the old centralizing whigs or weak-kneed Republicans, and by many "practical" or "business" men in the Republican party, who fancy that the taxes would be better laid and spent by such a government than by a popular one—and some of whom, no doubt, hope to constitute the Commission.

Congress has been strongly memorialized and urged to adopt this course. A bill has been introduced into the Senate for this purpose.

The logic of such a measure is to place in power the old residents of the District, who are nearly all disloyal and negro-haters. To further insure this result they have inserted a provision in this bill, requiring a property qualification, making eligible, for Commissioners, only those who own ten thousand dollars' worth, or over, of real estate in the District—*and they own nearly all said real estate.*

The District is the experiment ground of the Nation. Experiments in government, which have apparent success there, are repeated elsewhere. Let this scheme be enacted into being, and its operation will drive the negroes and their friends from the District, and restore it to rebel control. At the same time it will be a precedent for action, wherever the enemies of the negro and the friends of centralization can be combined in sufficient force.

Let the friends of freedom look to it that this iniquity does not succeed. In May last the American Anti-Slavery Society, after a speech by Wendell Phillips, adopted a resolution denouncing the measure. The American Equal Rights Association at the same time passed a like resolution.

Still another scheme has lately been developed, by the organization of a "White Woman's Intelligence Suffrage Association," with the ultra copperhead paper of the District warmly in its favor. The ostensible object of this Association is to move Congress to give the vote to all white women who can read and write. It thus appeals afresh to the prejudice of race and caste. Should the Democrats carry the XLIst. Congress, on which it is now understood that their efforts will be concentrated, they will probably try again to abolish elective government and appoint Commissioners of their own party. Failing in this, they will accept manhood suffrage in the District as a fixed fact, and insist on the enfranchisement of the white women. This, excluding the colored women, would also accomplish their end.

Against all these schemes the friends of universal suffrage have been earnestly working. Meetings have been held, and a series of free discussions like those of Worcester, Mass., have taken place with good results. Petitions have been circulated, and Congress has been memorialized, in favor of female suffrage without distinction of color, property or education. A hearing has taken place before the House Committee on this District. During the coming winter the Woman's Rights campaign will be vigorously prosecuted before Congress, as well as before the people of the District and the country.

Let attention and effort be concentrated there till the 4th of March next! Especially let the colored people of the District look to it that their women are placed on legal and political equality with others! * * *

THE FRANCHISE THE GUARANTEE OF FREEDOM.

MEMORIAL

OF THE "UNIVERSAL FRANCHISE ASSOCIATION," TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, ASKING THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

[Prepared and submitted for the Association by Prof. J. K. H. Willcox.]

SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES: By the expiration of local charters the whole subject of the government of this district is now before you. In acting on it your attention is called to many abuses, which you are asked to remedy. At this time it seems proper that all who wish changes made in the government which rules us should lay their propositions before you. We desire to bring to your notice an abuse greater in the number of its victims and deeper in its social effects, than any which you are now urged to remove. A brief review of your past action in like matters will serve to make our meaning clear.

Six years ago, there were three thousand slaves in the District of Columbia. Many of these persons, it was declared, did not desire to change their condition; it was said that they were happily related and placed, and they did not ask for freedom. Others, as is known, suffered grievously from a system that was inherently unjust, and which made easy and frequent the most cruel wrongs. They cried to you for help. Others there were who dared not tell their sufferings, but who longed for freedom and blessed the day when it came. Others still had been so stunted and deformed by life-long oppression that they knew not the meaning of freedom, and dreaded more the evils their fancy foreboded than those whose constant pressure had deadened their sense of them.

When it was urged that you should grant the prayer of those who had the power and the courage to address you, it was loudly objected, that they and their free friends who joined in their entreaty spoke only for a few, for a small portion of the whole number of the enslaved; that the great majority did not ask for freedom, that they were, to all appearance satisfied with their condition, and were part of the family of their masters; that the majority of those who then possessed liberty were opposed to extending it to others; that when the mass either of the enslaved or of the free population asked a change in the condition of things, it would be time enough to consider it; that the stunted and deformed mental state, which many slaves show, proved the class to which they belonged unfit for freedom; that they really had all the protection which they needed in the existing laws and the benevolence or self-interest of their masters; that they were better governed and protected than they could possibly govern and protect themselves; that freedom would throw them out of their proper sphere of employment, make them idle and useless; and that liberation would convulse society to its centre.

After hearing the arguments on both sides, you decided not to interfere with existing social relations, but to make them free to arrange themselves. You saw that the surest relief for some was liberty for all. While you interposed no obstacle to the legitimate civil action of individuals, you abolished that feature of the laws which forbade certain persons to do certain proper and harmless acts. You left each individual free to decide whether he would use this freedom or not; and you protected him in its exercise.

What was the result? Those whose condition was already good did not try to change it, nor avail themselves of your protection; yet they blessed you for affording them a fresh guarantee of safety. Those who had petitioned you for relief thanked God that he had moved you to grant their prayer, and availed themselves of their new-born freedom to change their condition for the better. Those who had been kept silent under their wrongs now joined in the chorus of thanksgiving, and followed the example of their braver or stronger brethren. Those who had not known and had feared freedom, learned its glorious meaning; and the great mass of the freedmen set out rejoicing on a new career of virtue, prosperity, and wisdom. At the magic touch of liberty the stunted and withered soul began to grow afresh, the deformed brain commenced a transformation; the benevolent impulses and the self-interest of masters were re-enforced by wholesome restraints on their passions; beginning with nothing but their labor and their freedom, the liberated people quickly acquired property and education, and won high praise by the general sobriety of their behavior; they showed themselves willing to take up any employment that would yield them an honest living, and found their way into those for which they were fit; and no social convulsion followed these great changes. Society moved on as before with this difference, that far fewer persons felt any willingness to disturb its workings. No cast-iron system forced all arbitrarily into certain relations; each sought his place in the world and found it as best he might. Many, even of those who had felt that their own fortunes were bound up in the continuance of oppression, soon recognized the good that your action had wrought. Wrongs that had before been hidden were now speedily righted. The freed people turned for guidance to those of greater intelligence who had proved themselves their friends, and trustingly followed their advice.

Look now at the evil part of the result. The ignorance which slavery had forced upon the enslaved, caused some of them to commit errors and to suffer in changing their condition. Nevertheless, hardly one wished the return of the old state of things. Those who changed were sometimes driven by suffering into crime. The making of municipal regulations and the administration of the laws were in the hands of those who, while they professed obedience to the letter of the new order of things, were bitterly hostile to, and studiously disregarded, its spirit. The only approach to a social convulsion was in their efforts to destroy the effect of your policy of justice. So far as it lay in their power they devised new oppressions to replace the old, and for slavery of the individual substituted serfdom of the class. * * * *

Thus you found that civil freedom joined with political power was freedom in fact as in name. You heard, and enfranchised the oppressed. You placed them under a Democratic Republican government instead of a despotism; under one wherein they might take part in framing and correcting the laws which they were called on to obey. You gave them representation to control taxation; you insured cheap and speedy education; you placed the administration of the laws made for their benefit within their own grasp; you abolished the aristocracy of race and wholly diffused political power, thus lifting up the degraded and dangerous to the dignity of citizenship; you brushed away the cobweb of "virtual representation"—representation without the consent of, or responsibility to the "virtual" or pretended constituent, substituting real representation in its place; and by opening before them the vista of hope you averted the dangers of despair.

Thus the evil which your second experiment of liberty produced was, like that of the first, the outgrowth of the surrounding conditions. Like that of your first, however, as with all reforms, the evil which it produced was less than that which it swept away.

But it was not complete. It did not remove the abuse to which we seek to draw your attention, and which we wish to discuss in the light of the foregoing accomplished facts.

That abuse is the life-long and, under existing laws, hopeless disfranchisement of twenty-five thousand citizens, many of whom need protection as much as those whom you have already enfranchised, and are not their inferiors in mind, heart, or capacity. Generally, indeed, they are somewhat superior to the lately enfranchised citizens; for a large number have enjoyed the advantages of fine education. Yet, as far as they are concerned, this government is still a despotism. They still are forced to obey laws which they cannot share in shaping, and which they have no direct power to change. They still are taxed without being represented. They still must submit to laws which are administered by officers whom they have neither voice in choosing nor means to remove if unjust. They still depend for security solely on the good-will of those who rule. They still suffer by the concentration of political power in the hands of a voting aristocracy, and the unfailing result of their political degradation, which in the majority of cases, has become social and spiritual as well. They still are "virtually represented" by men who are in no sense responsible to their constituents, who have never been even "virtually" chosen to represent them, who rarely condescend to consult them, and who often use their votes and influence directly against the wishes and interests of those whom they "virtually" represent. The mass of them live in a condition which combines many of the features of individual slavery and class serfdom. * * * *

For this we propose a remedy. On no more it becomes plain that civil freedom cannot exist apart from political power. Twelve months ago you heard the prayer of the oppressed, and united liberty and its guarantee in the persons of eight thousand colored men. We ask you to follow out your grand policy of justice by uniting them in the persons of three times that number—to those of twenty-five thousand women. Your two experiments of freedom having gloriously succeeded here under your own eyes, we ask you to try one on a grander scale. * *

We ask you then to crown yourselves with yet nobler laurels. We ask you to place the women of this District under a democratic republic instead of a despotism; under one wherein they may take part in framing and correcting the laws which they must obey; we ask you to give them representation to control taxation; we ask you to place the administration of the laws made for their benefit within their own grasp; we ask you to abolish the aristocracy of sex, as you have abolished that of race, and widely to diffuse political power, and thus to lift up the degraded and dangerous to the dignity of citizenship; we ask you to brush away the cobweb of "virtual representation"—representation without consent of or responsibility to the "virtual" or pretended constituent, and to substitute real representation therefor. We ask you to establish the welfare of society by leaving no class under hopeless oppression; and to insure the quickest and cheapest education. We ask you to open before every woman the vista of hope, and thus to avert from her the dangers of despair.

Thus the evil which your third experiment of freedom shall produce will be, still again, the outgrowth of surrounding conditions. Yet again, however, your reform, like all reforms, will produce less evils than those which it sweeps away. As it will make freedom more complete, it will be more successful; and more than ever will your action stand vindicated before the world.

We do not ask of you unseemly haste, nor object to due deliberation; but we would remind you that when an evil cause is working to produce distress, each day of its continuance is just so much more woe.

(Signed),

Josephine S. Griffing,	E. D. E. N. Southworth,
George B. Vashon,	Angelina S. Hall,
A. B. Olin,	Lydia S. Hall,
Mary Olin,	Geo. F. Needham,
Augustus F. Boyle,	Mary T. Corner,
Ann M. Boyle,	John R. Elvans,
Annie Denton Cridge,	Chas. Roeser,
J. H. Crane,	Julia Archibald,
Daniel Breed,	Belva McNall Lockwood,
Josephine L. Slade,	John Mayhew,
George T. Downing,	J. K. H. Willcox,
	Committee.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

BAPTISM.

[When Thaddeus Stevens was dying, "Sister Loretta" asked to baptize him, and—the newspaper reporter says—the old man consented.]

THE heroic soul was parting
From its lodging-house of clay:
God had work for his servant elsewhere,
So had call'd that soul away.

One leaned across him dying,
And pray'd, for his dear soul's sake,
That he would submit from a holy priest
The sacrament to take.

The blessed sign of baptism,
That should smoothe and ease his way
Into the presence of his God,
Through the pass of life's dismay.

The soul turn'd back to the questioner
From his body almost dead,
And as he left that body
His smile of quiet said:

I have been baptized in sorrow,
Through a life of use and pain,
Baptized in fire by the Holy Ghost,
Your baptism is but vain.

I pass into God's great future,
His child, who is New and Old,
Who counteth the flocks of the myriad worlds,
To gather them in His fold;

And think you the Infinite Spirit
Hath need of your outward sign
By which to recognize what is His
And fix its place divine?

W. J. LINTON.

August 13th, 1868.

LITERARY.

TABLETS. By A. Bronson Alcott. Cloth, 208 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We have received from the above publishers the advance sheets of a new volume by A. Bronson Alcott, entitled "Tablets." It is divided into two books, the first "Practical" and the second "Speculative," although the mystical bias of the author gives tone to the entire volume. For us, there has ever been a charm in the prose of Mr. Alcott. We recognize him, not, perhaps, as the profoundest of New England's thinkers, but assuredly as one of the pleasantest to follow; and the volume before us cannot, we think, but win for him admirers with many hitherto ignorant of his rare charm as writer or thinker. Almost at random we select one or two passages, promising again to return to so welcome and enjoyable an offering to the public:

Speaking of apples he says:

"It is a noble fruit; the friend of immortality, its virtues blush to be tasted. Every muse delights in it, as its mythology shows, from the gardens of the Hesperides to the orchard of Plato. A basket of pearmains, golden russets, or any of the choice kinds, standing in sight, shall perfume the scholar's composition as it refreshes his genius. He may snatch wildness from the woods, get shrewdness from cities, learning from libraries and universities, compliments from courts. But for subtlety of thought, for sovereign sense, for color, the graces of diction and behavior, he best betakes himself,

"'Where on all sides the apples scattered lie,
Each under its own tree.'"

Of sweet herbs:

"As orchards to man, so are flowers and herbs to women. Indeed the garden appears celebate, as does the house, without womenly hands to plant and care for it."

Of houses:

"An old house, well built, pleases more with the repairs rendered necessary than a costlier new one. There are good points about it which have been proved by a century or two, and these may be adopted as parts for preserving, while any additions may be made for holding the whole in keeping with the original design, or as improvements on it."

Of choice of pursuits:

"I have always admired the good sense and fine ambition of a friend of mine, who, on quitting College, with fair prospects of winning respect in any of the learned professions, chose rather to step aside into the quiet retreat of a cottage, and there give himself to the pleasures and duties of cultivating his family and grounds. And this he did from a sense of its suitableness to promote the best ends and aims; esteeming his gifts and accomplishments due to pursuits which seemed the natural means of securing self-respect and independence. His first outlay was moderate—a sequestered field, on which he erected a comfortable dwelling, planned for convenience and hospitality. His grounds were laid out and planted with shrubbery, the slopes dotted with evergreens and shapely trees. A nursery was set; a conservatory, with suitable outbuildings and ornaments. As he gave himself personally to the work, everything prospered that he touched. A few years' profits paid for his investment, and his thrift soon enabled him to add an adjoining orchard to his first purchase. And so successful was his adventure, that his most sceptical neighbors, the old farmers, confessed him to be the better husbandman; his gold was ruddier than theirs; his fields the neater. Nor did our Evelyn disgrace social engagements. His friendships were kept in as good plight as his grounds. He was none the worse citizen for being the better neighbor and gentleman they found him to be, nor the less worthy of the honors of the college."

THE MOONSTONE. A novel. By Wilkie Collins, 223 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Of the sensation school of writers, Wilkie Collins may be regarded as a fair type. Unreal as are his fictions, full of what never has or will happen in real life, abounding in the most improbable incident; good as well as bad characters are depicted, there are graphic descriptions, gracefully constructed sentences, and, with all, so much of real power, that once began the attention is chained until the complicated plot reaches its final unravelment. "Moonstone" we can not by any means regard as equal to former stories. There is an exaggeration of his worst faults, and less of the redeemable to atone for it. Still it is readable, and that is more than can be said of much of now-a-day romance. The volume is in the usual style of Harpers 8vo. novels, with illustrations.

The Democrat, Mark M. Pomeroy, Editor, made its first appearance in New York on the 15th inst. What the vaunted "respectability" of this new organ of Democracy means, may be inferred from such a passage as this, in the initial number, speaking of the late Thaddeus Stevens—"To whichever place he has gone." In obscenity it is but little, if any, better than that vile sheet—which, by its outrage of all decency, has earned such an unenviable notoriety for its editor—*The La Crosse Democrat.*

The articles in the *London Pall Mall Gazette* on "Woman," written with such brilliancy, are from the pen of a daughter of the late Mrs. J. S. Mill's, by her first husband. She is Mr. Mill's private secretary, and a contributor to the *Westminister Review*. Her articles, together with those in the *Saturday Review*, have done much towards gaining a hearing, in England, for the Woman Question.

A French author, being desirous of writing a biography of Charles Dickens, wrote to that gentleman for materials, but received none, Mr. Dickens replying that he "had long ago formed the intention of writing an autobiography."

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have just issued a complete "Shakspeare" for fifty cents per copy, which is a marvel of neatness. Who may not have a copy of the great bard and dramatist?

"Lost and Found," in the last *Atlantic*, by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, is said to be a true story of her adventures in search of her husband in the Metropolis.

RECEIVED.

TABLETS. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA. By Arthur Helps. New York: Harper & Brothers.

OUR STANDARD BEARER. LIFE OF GEN. GRANT. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

BARNES ON THE PSALMS. By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GRANT AND COLFAX. By Charles A. Phelps. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

COMER'S NAVIGATION SIMPLIFIED. Compiled for Comer's Commercial College. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for September. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The *Galaxy* for September. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Lippincott's Magazine for September. Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co.

Harper's Magazine for September. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Putnam's Magazine for September. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Our Young Folks. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Phrenological Journal for September. New York: S. R. Wells.

Westminster Review. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

Edinburgh Review. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

Our Saturday Visitor. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co.

MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, of North Collins, will be held at Hemlock Hall, in Brant, Erie Co., N. Y., commencing on FRIDAY, the 21st day of August, 1868, at 10 o'clock A.M., continuing three days.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS,

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LITTLE FEET.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of Life's mysterious land;

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load:
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little, untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling, blindly in the darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

UNA AND THE LION.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

ONE women has died—a woman attractive and rich, and young and witty; yet a veiled and silent woman, distinguished by no other genius—working hard to train herself in order to train others to walk in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. To follow Him, she spent herself in activity; she overworked because others underwork. Shall we let her have died in vain?

She died as she had lived, at her post, in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in this kingdom—the first in which trained nursing has been introduced. She is the pioneer of workhouse nursing. I do not give her name; were she alive, she would beg me not. Of all human beings I have ever known, she was, (I was about to say), the most free from the desire of the praise of men. But I cannot say—most free, for she was perfectly free. She was absolutely without human vanity; she preferred being unknown to all but God; she did not let her right hand know what her left hand did. I will, therefore, call her Una, if you please; for, when her whole life and image rise before me, so far from thinking the story of Una and her lion a myth, I say here is Una in real flesh and blood—Una, and her paupers, far more untameable than lions.

The graceful, tender legends of Catholic saints and martyrs (why call them *Roman* Catholic?) have not a greater miracle than we have here in the flesh. She lived the life, and died the death, of the saints and martyrs; though the greatest sinner would not have been more surprised than she to have heard this said of herself. In less than three years she had reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline, such as the police themselves wondered at. She had led, so as to be of one mind and heart with her, upwards of fifty nurses and probationers; of whom the faithful few whom she took with her of our trained nurses were but a seed. . . .

She had disarmed all opposition, all sectarian zealotism; so that Roman Catholic and Unitarian, High Church and Low Church, all literally rose up and called her "blessed." Churchwardens led the way in the vestry meeting which was held in her honor after her death; and really affecting speeches, made while moving the resolutions of condolence (no mere form) to her family, were the tribute to her public service. All, of all shades of religious creed, seemed to have merged their differences in her, seeing in her the one true essential thing, compared with which they acknowledged their differences to be as nothing. And aged paupers made verses in her honor after her death.

In less than three years—the time generally given to the ministry on earth of that Saviour whom she so earnestly strove to follow—she did all this. She had the gracefulness, the wit, the unfailing cheerfulness—qualities so remarkable but so much overlooked in our Saviour's life. She had the absence of all asceticism or "mortification" for mortification's sake, which characterized His work, and any real work in the present day as in His day. And how did she do all this? She was not, when a girl, of any conspicuous ability, except that she had cultivated in herself to the utmost a power of getting through business in a short time, without slurring it over and without fid-fadding at it;—real business—her Father's business. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her "Father's business." How can any undervalue business-habits? as if anything could be done without them. She could do, and she did do, more of her Father's business in six hours than ordinary women do in six months, or than most of even the best women do in six days. But, besides this and including this, she had trained herself to the utmost—she was always training herself; for this is no holiday work. Nursing is an art; and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's Spirit? It is one of the Fine Arts; I had almost said the finest of the Fine Arts. I have seen somewhere in print that nursing is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle class." Shall we say that painting or sculpture is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle class?" Why limit the class at all? Or shall we say that God is only to be served in His sick by the "lower middle class?" The poorest child without shoes, the most highly born, have alike followed all these professions with success, have alike had to undergo the hardest work, if for success. There is no such thing as amateur art; there can be no such thing as amateur nursing.

* * * * *

I must end as I have begun, with my Una.

I cannot say in my weak words what she used to tell us to her questionings: "Shall I be able ever to meet the dreariness, the disappointments, the isolation?" And the answer, "Not in my own strength, but in His; not for my works' sake, but for His." "My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in thy weakness." That answer of God to St. Paul she realized in her daily life more than any one I ever knew.

She was peculiarly sensitive to little acts and words of kindness, and also of unkindness; and if a nosegay, a friendly letter came to her in times of overwork and discouragement, she would take it exactly as if it had been sent her by her Father Himself. "I do not say to Him, Give success," she once said; "if all fails to human eyes, if I do nothing, 'not my way but His be done; not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'"

More completely and unreservedly than any one I ever knew, she gave herself: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word."

And it was so. What she went through during her workhouse life is scarcely known but to God and to one or two. Yet she said that she had "never been so happy in all her life."

All the last winter she had under her charge above 50 nurses and probationers, above 150 pauper scourers, from 1,290 to 1,350 patients, being from two to three hundred more than the number of beds. All this she had to provide for and arrange for, often receiving an influx of patients without a moments's warning. She had to manage and persuade the patients to sleep three and four in two beds; sometimes six, or even eight children had to be put in one bed; and being asked on one occasion whether they did not "kick one another," they answered, "O, no, ma'am, we're so comfor'ble." Poor little things, they scarcely remembered ever to have slept in a bed before. But this is not the usual run of workhouse patients. Among them are the worn-out old prostitutes, the worn-out old thieves, the worn-out old drunkards.

Part of the work in work-houses is to see that the disolute and desperate old sinners do not corrupt the younger women, fallen, but not hopeless; to persuade the *delirium tremens* case, wandering about in his shirt, to go back quietly into his ward and his bed. Part of the work is to see that the mothers of the sick children do not quarrel, ay, and fight, and steal the food of one another's children.

These are among the every-day incidents of workhouse life. And, if any one would know what are the lowest depths of human vice and misery, would see the festering mass of decay of living human bodies and human souls, and then would try what one loving soul, filled with the spirit of her God, can do to let in the light of God into this hideous well (worse than the well of Cawnpore), to bind up the wounds, to heal the broken-hearted, to bring release to the captives—let her study the ways, and follow in the steps of this one young, frail woman, who has died to show us the way, blessed in her death as in her life. * * * *

The last words spoken to her were, "You will soon be with your Saviour." Her reply was, "I shall be well there." And so she passed away. In her coffin she had that listening, beaming expression peculiar to her in life, as if always hearkening to the Master's bidding—in death, as if hearing the words "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Years of previous action had prepared this young girl for her life of devotion. Her body was taken back to her own people to be buried in her father's vault.

All the old folks went out to meet her—old men and women of near ninety years of age, who could scarcely move on crutches. The young men who had been her own scholars in her big boys' evening class went a distance to meet the funeral, and carried in the coffin themselves. The school children and school mistresses gathered primroses and snowdrops and violets from all the country round, and brought these, and yew and ivy from the garden which she had planted for them herself. The whole district seemed to be there—at the grave of their dear one. But the hush of solemn silence was so great that they could hear the fall of the violets on the coffin. The grave was surrounded, first by rows of school children—behind them, on one side the young women, on the other the young men of her Bible classes, and behind these again the elder women and men with whom she had read and prayed. She lay, after the service, completely strewn over with primroses and snowdrops showered upon her coffin. After all was over, the school children and mistresses sent a message to her poor sick paupers, that they would be glad to hear that their kind friend had been as gently laid in her grave as an infant laid to rest in its mother's arms.—*Good Words.*

LITTLE THINGS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Shall we strike a bargain, Fate?
And wilt thou to this agree?
Take whatever things are great;
Leave the little things to me!

Take the eagle, proud and dark,
Broad of shoulders, strong of wing;
Leave the robin, leave the lark,
'T is the little birds that sing!

Take the oak-wood, towering up,
With its top against the skies;
Leave one little acorn cup,
Therein all the forest lies.

Take the murmurous fountain-heads,
Take the river, winding slow,
But about my garden-beds,
Leave the dew-drop, small and low.

Winding waves are fine to view,
Sweet the fountain's silver call;
But the little drop of dew
Holds the sunshine, after all.

Take the sea, the great wide sea,
White with many a swelling sail;
Leave the little stream to me,
Sliding silent through the vale.

Poesy will find her theme
In thy grander portion, still;
'T is my little, upraised stream
Of the meadow turns the mill.

Take the palace all ashine,
With its lofty halls and towers;
Let the little house be mine,
With its door-yard grass and flowers.

Take the lands, the royal lands,
All with parks and orchards bright;
Leave to me the little hands,
Clinging closely morn and night.

Ah, for once, be kindly, Fate,
To my harmless plan agree;
Take whatever things are great,
Leave the little things to me!

DR. RICHARDSON, of Springport, Monroe County, N. Y., while investigating the subject of eruptive diseases, made the following experiment: He placed a piece of fresh beef under pure water, leaving it there seventy hours. It was then rapidly decomposing, and the water was full of animalculæ, about twenty thousand to the cubic inch. The doctor swallowed four ounces of the water. A short time afterward he opened a vein in his arm, and discovered in the blood a number of microscopic animals like those he had perceived in the water which he had drank.

FANNY FERN AND MRS. STOWE FORTY YEARS AGO

SARA WILLIS was educated at Hartford, in the far-famed seminary of Miss Catherine Beecher. At that time, Harriet Beecher (Mrs. Stowe) was a teacher in this school. She was amiable and endearing in her ways, and was recognized as a decidedly clever young lady, with a vein of quiet humor, a sleepy sort of wit, that woke up and flashed out when least expected, but of a careless, unpractical turn of mind. She was not thought by any means the equal in mental power and weight to her elder sister, whose character was full of manly energy, who was a clear thinker, and an excellent theologian, a good, great, high-hearted woman, with a strong will and remarkable executive abilities. Of all his children, Dr. Beecher is said to have most highly respected Catherine. Sara Willis must here have laid an excellent foundation for successful authorship, though probably nothing was further from her thoughts at the time than such a profession. It would have seemed too quiet and thought-compelling a career for her, with her heart as full of frolic as a lark's breast is of singing. There are yet traditions in that staid old town of Hartford, of her merry school-girl escapades, her "tricks and her manners," that draw forth as hearty laughter as the witty sallies, humorous fancies and sharp strokes of satire that give to her writings their peculiar sparkle and dash. If she grappled with the exact sciences it is not probable that they suffered much in the encounter. For geometry she is said to have had an especial and inveterate dislike. Indeed, her teacher, Mrs. Stowe, still tells a story of her having torn out the leaves of Euclid to curl her hair with. So, she laid herself down to mathematical dreams, her fair head bristling with acute angles, in parallelogrammatic and parallelopipedonic papillotes—in short, with more geometry outside than in. A novel way of getting over the "dunce bridge," by taking that distasteful fifth proposition not only inwardly, but as an outward application; so that it might have read thus: "The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another, and if equal sides be produced in curl papers the angles on the other side of the os-frontis are also equal." But in the laughing, high-spirited girl there must have existed unsuspected by those about her, almost unsuspected by herself, the courage and energy, the tenderness, the large sympathy, the reverence for the divine and the human, which love and sorrow, the trials and stress of misfortune, were to evolve from her nature, and which her genius was to reveal. A seer that might have perceived towering above the ringleted head of her absent-minded young teacher, a dark attendant spirit, benignant, but mournful—poor, grand, old world-bewept, polyglotted Uncle Tom—might also have seen in the few shadowy recesses of her young pupil's sunny character, the germs of those graceful "Fern Leaves" that were to bring to the literature of the people new vigor and verdure, the odors of woodlands, and exceeding pleasant pictures of nature. *Grace Greenwood in "Eminent Women."*

HEROISM.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight—
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames
For famine, toil, and fray?

Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So nigh is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "*Thou must*,"
The youth replies, "*I can*."

Emerson's May-Day.

JULES FAVRE, chosen to fill the chair, in the French Academy, of *Cousin*, gave, as usual, in taking his seat, a notice of his predecessor. From this striking speech we extract a paragraph relative to Cousin's Biographies of some of the famous women of the seventeenth century—"those charming biographies in which Cousin has been most prodigal of all the riches of the most exquisite art."

In tracing with so flattering and loving a hand the portraits of celebrated women, what he admired in them was their soul purified and strengthened by noble studies. He showed the grandeur of this divine spring even in their errors, and he justly proposes them to the gratitude of posterity for the example and influence they exerted. He was but just herein; and his delicate praises contain a profitable lesson. If the women of the seventeenth century played a brilliant part—if their virtues, their courage, their passions gave their epoch a singular character of chivalric animation—it was because, despite their apparent frivolity, they were thoroughly familiar with the seriousness of life; it was because they had in the first place sought from learning that strength it never refuses to any one who resolutely prosecutes it. We are astonished and almost humiliated, now-a-days, when we think on the variety of learning familiar to those high-born ladies whom rank and beauty did not so dazzle as to make them consider distinction and dress the great object of life. Consequently, the most eminent men felt their influence. Disciplined by their delicate scruples, letters cast off their primitive rudeness; the language became certain; elegance and urbanity became the law; gallantry was ennobled, and in this agreeable commerce, from which no decent charm was banished, learning and the heart, courage and the graces, shared without contest the sovereign influence which prepared and governed public opinion. Women were not unfaithful to this duty during the course of the eighteenth century, towards which M. Cousin did not show himself sufficiently impartial. The indefatigable adversary of materialism, which he courageously fought, and, as I believe, scientifically conquered, he, too, completely identified it with the eighteenth century, which, despite unjust attacks, will remain great by its faith in reason and its hatred of despotism. All of you have present to your memory the names of the illustrious women who, by the side of generous writers, contributed to the marvellous philosophical spirit from whence flowed the triumph of the nation regenerated by liberty. Shall we commit the unpardonable fault of separating that which God has indissolubly united, of weaning women from the strong nourishment of the mind, and depriving ourselves of the valuable assistance of their very vigilant, tender, perspicacious wisdom? To act in this way would be to inaugurate the reign of corruption and brute force. The reign of liberty should be begotten by manners and customs, and these will not be noble except when, associated with men by intellectual labors, the freedom of thought and the love of country, woman shall reassume her place in French society and the proper influence her noble qualities assure her.

IT was a sweet observation of Luther, that, for the most part, when God sent him upon any special service for the good of the Church, he was brought low by some fit of sickness or other. Surely, as the lower the ebb, the higher the tide, so the lower any descend in humility, the higher they shall ascend in honor or glory. The lower this foundation of humility is laid, the higher shall the roof of honor be overlaid.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Temple Bar.

WILBERFORCE AND HIS CHILDREN.

THIRTY years ago the Life of Wilberforce was published in five volumes, to which, two years afterwards, were added two volumes of "Correspondence." The work has been for some years out of print, and the Bishop of Oxford, the eldest son of the deceased philanthropist, has this week brought out an edition in which the biography is so rewritten as to be compressed into one volume. You know the singular fate of Wilberforce's children—that all (I believe), save the Bishop, are in the Roman Catholic Church, and that the exception is hardly an exception when his strong tractarianism is thought of in contrast to his father's low evangelicalism. From this volume nearly all the evangelical utterances of Wilberforce are exscinded. "It has seemed enough," says his son, "to show distinctly, and that more than once, these interior works of the great machine, without perpetually returning to their exhibition." He does not omit, however, a letter addressed to himself, in which his father says: "How little do you know to what services Providence may call you! If, when I was your age, any one had pointed to me and said: 'That youth in a few years will be member for the first county in England,' it would have been deemed the speech of a madman." The good "Methodist," as he was nicknamed, would have been shocked enough could he have foreseen that it would be one day said of the son to whom he was writing, that he had driven more of the Clergy of the Church of England to Rome than any other individual. The Bishop of Oxford is always spoken of here as the type of the time-serving churchman. He never attempts to stem the current of aristocratic opinion. His affectionate and honored father sunk into death just after learning that the negro emancipation act might be considered safe, but how he had labored to secure it every one knows. The Bishop of Oxford, in editing this book and in writing for it a preface, says not a syllable respecting the extinction in our own day of slavery in America. For all that the reader can tell, he is no better satisfied with it than was Bishop Hopkins. During the American rebellion he kept steadily aloof from any expression of sympathy with the cause which his father would have thought among the holiest on earth, and on the Jamaica atrocities he has said not a word. In this, as in his theology, he is the antithesis of his father.—*Letter from London.*

GERMANS.—The *Oakland Transcript*, in an article comparing the jealousy of the Northern and Southern States in Germany to that existing in our country, says: "The Germans are known throughout the world as an industrious, patient and intelligent people. Their professors of learning are considered the most profound and erudite. Their universities are resorted to by young men of every civilized land. Bancroft, the eminent historian, and several others of our eminent men, finished their education in German universities. In metaphysics, philosophical criticisms, and in some departments of poetry their literature takes a higher rank than that of any other nation. Their musical compositions are the most exalted and soul-stirring of any in existence. To prove this it is only necessary to refer to the names of Mozart, Beethoven and Hayden. The Germans are universally acknowledged to excel in gymnastics and other physical exercises. To them we owe the discovery of many of the arts and sciences. There is good reason to believe that they were the first Europeans who discovered printing, gunpowder and watchmaking. Priesnitz, the originator of the water-cure system; Hanneman, the founder of homœpathy; Gall and Spurzheim, the discoveries of phrenology; Mesmer, the father of animal magnetism, and Ehrenberg, the greatest of microscopists, were all Germans. In mental and natural philosophy, the names of Kant and Humboldt will always stand pre-eminent."

A GENTLEMAN of Vineland, N. J., has in his garden a grapevine which was set two years ago last spring, and has made a very remarkable growth. It is more than fifty feet in length, with tendrils running in every direction. It is estimated that there are on the vine more than one thousand perfect clusters of grapes. The extra growth is supposed to be from the fact that sink-water has been applied to the roots from day to day.

CUVIER, the naturalist, was in his favorite pursuit very democratic in his tastes. He treated all men as his equals, and would not allow others to treat him as their superior. One day while discussing a question in anatomy with a young naturalist, the latter constantly interjected in his conversation "Monsieur le Baron." "There is no Baron here," replied Cuvier, "there are two students seeking the Truth and bowing down only to her."

THE UNDIVIDED CHURCH. Take a mass of quicksilver, let it fall to the floor, and it will split itself into a vast number of distinct globules. Gather them up, and put them together again, and they will coalesce into one body as before. Thus God's elect below are sometimes crumbled and distinguished into various parties, though they are in fact members in one and the same mystic body. But when taken up from the world and put together in heaven, they will constitute one glorious undivided church for ever and ever.

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